

### *Our Waifs and Strays.*

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A LARGE, square, decent-looking house, hard by Stepney Station. A house that looks as if it had been suddenly transported from some respectable neighbourhood and dropped down among the East-enders. A house that suggests Bloomsbury or the better parts of old-fashioned Islington. A house that must have once belonged to some local employer of East End labour, some manufacturer who had the good sense to live hard by his manufactory. A house quite out of keeping with the neighbourhood: a sort of quiet protest against the poverty and misery around. A house not undisturbed by brawlers, for as I pass under the arch of the railway which leads to it from the station, the coarse voices of three noisy viragos quarrelling about some money betoken the character of the district. A house out of whose windows you look down a poverty-stricken street, the inhabitants of which are, for the most part, dock-labourers, porters, hangers about the wharves, and generally the class forming the dangerous army of the unemployed which threatens to be a permanent accompaniment of a London winter. But a house which is now a bright spot in the surrounding heathendom, bright because our Lord dwells within it in the Blessed Sacrament, bright because it is the scene of a noble work of charity, bright because it is a school of religion and virtue and honest manly work, bright, too, because of the smiling happy faces of its little inmates, who bear testimony by their very looks to the good work that is being done there.

To this house I wend my way, not invited but self-sent, and nevertheless knowing that I shall have a friendly welcome from the good priest who is appointed to its care. For this house is a house lately opened for the Catholic waifs and strays of the Metropolis, and I am paying it a visit to see if I can pick up from the said waifs and strays a few details of their past life which may be interesting to my readers. I am going to cross-question them a little, with the aid of those who have the charge

of them, that I may learn a few particulars of waif and stray existence in a modern city.

But first of all I must give a short account of how this Home came into existence. Rather more than a year ago, Dr. Barnardo, celebrated among Protestants as an eminent philanthropist, wrote to the Cardinal Archbishop offering to hand over to the Catholic authorities all Catholic children who should hereafter apply for admission, or be sent by benevolent persons to any of his homes. He did not propose to hand over any who might already have been admitted, except so far as the law should compel him to do so. He did not propose, he said, and was not willing to give to the children once admitted to his Home any opportunity of practising their religion, for though his homes were not proselytizing institutions, they were nevertheless Protestant institutions, and every child in them would be brought up a Protestant. But the Catholic waifs and strays he was willing to forego, if the Catholic authorities had an institution of their own where they would be permanently received and not sent back to their miserable homes or turned adrift on the streets. All this was fair enough, and we have every reason to recognize in it the good Providence of God working for the benefit of the Catholic children of London. It is needless to say that the Cardinal Archbishop did not let slip such an opportunity as this. His heart has ever yearned over the poor little Catholic outcasts who abound in English cities. He accepted the offer, appointed a priest to the work who had had long experience in the East End and was excellently suited to the work, and though he knew not whence the necessary funds were to come, the Home was opened just a year ago, on January 1, 1888, not a day too soon.

For I do not suppose any of my readers have any idea of the steady stream of leakage that goes on, through no fault of their own, among the poorer class of Catholic children in London. I had no idea of it myself. It is enough to make one's heart bleed. In Dr. Barnardo's Homes there are altogether three thousand children. Now he himself asserts that of the applicants of admission into his Home twenty per cent. are of Catholic parents. He also prides himself on never refusing an applicant on the ground of religion. I leave my readers to calculate how many hundred Catholic children are in these homes alone, to say nothing of others of still worse description. At the present moment all these unhappy children are being

lost for ever to the Church of God. Out of them all, not one but will go forth into the world robbed of its priceless treasure of the Faith and taught to regard with bitter hatred all that bears the name of Catholic. For these poor little ones no more devotion to the Holy Mother of God—they will be taught to speak slightly of her; no more sacraments—they will learn to regard them as mummary; no more acts of contrition; but in their place the usual jargon of “finding Christ” and “trusting to the merits of their Redeemer,” and other empty phrases, under cover of which so many souls are dragged down for ever to Hell. No more teaching of the beauty of holy purity; no more horror of vice as the most deadly of evils; no more dread of the corrupting effects of evil talk; but a morality such as generally exists in the large Protestant schools of the lower class.

It was indeed time that something should be done to meet this piteous evil. There was no doubt as to the number of children who would soon present themselves for admission. There was no doubt as to the importance of the work; there was no doubt as to the willing hands who would devote themselves to the labour of managing the Home. The one doubt—was as to the possibility of raising the necessary funds. Catholics had so many calls on them; the plan had been tried and failed already; it was doing more harm than good to begin what could not last. There was the usual chorus of those birds of ill-omen who gather round every good work. God grant that they may one and all be disappointed!

But I must not linger on the history of the Home which has during the last twelve months been steadily increasing in the number of its inmates, and advancing in the tone prevalent among the seventy little “chaps” whom it has gathered together there. It has not had a very easy time of it. The first beginnings of such an institution always involves a struggle. The necessary outlay is great, the anxieties for the future are almost overwhelming. There are sure at first to be difficulties of all sorts, both from within and from without. But with the aid of prudence and economy and self-sacrificing devotion it has prospered hitherto. A chapel has been lately opened in the house, and though the priest in charge started without a monstrance or a ciborium of his own, yet kind friends lent them for a time until his wants should be supplied. On Christmas Day the boys held high festival and nearly all of them received Holy Communion,

for several it was their First Communion, and the after part of the day was made joyful by games and songs and a grand Christmas dinner, with cake and fruit and oranges to their little hearts' content.

It was on the following day that I paid my visit of friendly inquiry into such details of their past lives as they chose to communicate. And very communicative they were, not a bit shy or awkward, all ready, as London boys are, to talk freely, and with a freedom, too, that bore witness to the judicious kindness with which they were treated. Scrapes, peccadilloes, misdemeanours, all came tumbling out, sometimes with scraps of jargon of which I had to ask a translation from those who were better acquainted than I with the technicalities of East End slang. Let us begin, for instance, with John Sullivan, or Jack, as he is called in the Home. Jack is quite a character, is now thirteen, a good boy, made his First Communion the day before, but, nevertheless, rescued from the lowest kind of London Arab life. Before we question him, he is requested to exhibit his various accomplishments, of which the "cart-wheel" and walking on his hands are the chief. Jack takes off his boots and plays the cart-wheel before our eyes. The cart-wheel, (perhaps the unsophisticated reader may not be familiar with the term), is the slang name for turning a somersault hand over hand and foot over foot, by the side of carriages and omnibuses. Jack's indoor cart-wheel is only a partial success. He is out of practice in his ancient craft. Then he tries the walking on his hands, with feet and legs doubled back and hanging over to preserve his equilibrium. But after several attempts he has to give up, Trousers and a jacket are incompatible with the necessary pliability, and he has been demoralized by the wearing of both. Jack seems to have walked on his head as well as on hands and feet, and his black poll is simply a mass of scars from the cuts received in his professional career. The poor boy had never been to school. There was some excuse for his absence, as he suffered from chronic ophthalmia, the result of hereditary scrofula, and his eyes could not bear a strong light. His life had been spent partly in the streets and partly in Billingsgate, picking up in the latter place a few pence by errands but a good deal more by "cadging." He was, I imagine, a skilful cadger, and had still traces of the professional whine. "Please give a poor boy a copper to buy a bit of bread, good gentleman. I am *so* hungry, and I've had nothing to eat



since yesterday, and I ain't got no father and no mother." Steel your heart, gentle reader, and button up your pocket whenever you hear that pitiful form of appeal. By giving to that miserable child you are simply encouraging him to grow up to a life of idleness, mendicancy, vice, and crime. The chance is that his father lives on his earnings, and that the poor boy gets a sound thrashing if he does not bring home the required amount; or else he is an incorrigible young rascal, who has run away from home and prefers a life of vagrancy and idleness to any honest and regular occupation. We will not examine too closely what were Jack's antecedents: at all events he is now on the road to be a respectable member of society. He confessed to many a narrow escape from the policeman, and to having been "copped" (taken up) more times than once. "Once I was copped by a 'tec'" (a detective), he told me with some glee. "I didn't know he was a tec because he was in plain clothes." "Did you get off?" "Yes, I went down on my knees on the pavement and promised I'd never be caught begging again if he would let me go this once. So he let me go and gave me twopence besides."

Another youngster more successful in his profession, bore the name of William Lane. He was about thirteen, nice-looking and intelligent, but with a sly look beneath the surface that I fancy was partly inherited, partly developed by the life he had led. He had, for some time before he entered the Home, swept a crossing well known to most Londoners, just outside the Kensington Railway Station, on the north side, close to the refreshment-rooms at the corner. A very profitable crossing it was. I was certainly astonished at hearing the details of Billy's earnings. He had been there for some time, so that they were not anything exceptional. He had managed to occupy the crossing, I know not how, at a time when it was vacant, and had kept possession of it for nearly a year, holding his own against all comers, and at last recognized as its rightful owner according to the code of crossing-sweeper justice and morality. On ordinary week days, Billy would take a little over two shillings; on Sunday the average was half-a-crown; but Saturday yielded by far the richest harvest. On that day, between the hours of six and nine, the average taking was very nearly five shillings. I could scarcely believe it at first, but it was true. On Saturday afternoon there is generally, he told me, a stream of visitors to the Albert Hall, who stop at the Kensington

station, and one and all had to avail themselves of his crossing. They were on pleasure bent, and generously inclined, and the youngster knew well how to attract the good will and sympathy of the passer-by. I do not suppose there are many crossings so valuable as this in London. The West End crossings in fashionable streets are not at all the *El Dorados* that some of my readers may fancy, when they read the testimony respecting Kensington. Belgravia crossings are not productive. It is not the rich who give most to crossing-sweepers, but the middle and lower-middle class. A well-dressed man or woman will not as a rule take the trouble to stop, and Belgravia is not given to individual charity. The street singer will make far more from the coachmen in the mews than from their masters in Curzon Street or Eaton Square. So the crossing-sweeper will make more from the clerk or shopman, or milliner or lady's-maid, than from the upper class. I have known a poor woman at a crossing in the very centre of Belgravia, literally starved to death, and I shall always remember her hungry eye and look of misery during the last few months that she was at her post. But I must not wander from my subject, as I have more to tell about Billy and his belongings.

Billy was not the only member of the junior portion of the Lane family who contributed to the family income. He had two little sisters, aged respectively ten and twelve, whose occupation was that of flower girls. Day by day these poor children were sent out into the streets of London to sell flowers, and, under pretence of flower-selling, to beg. The eldest brought home on an average one shilling and sixpence a day, the youngest two shillings and sixpence. What accounted for the difference? It seems that the little one had a pretty face and winning way, that won the soft hearts of kindly men and women, and were a marketable article of the value of some seven shillings a week. The boy imitated for us his little sister's coaxing ways, and the gestures with which she would follow by a lady's side, holding up her flowers and pouring forth her imaginary tale of woe. For it is unnecessary to say that the flowers were quite a subordinate element in her profession. A shilling's worth of flowers would last both children for half a week, and out of that a large proportion faded, or was wasted. It was the begging that filled their pockets with halfpence, and occasionally with a bit of silver as well. Perhaps the donor fancied that he or she had done a deed of charity in yielding to the impulse of

pity roused by the little maiden's sad tale of manufactured woe, and pretty face or winning ways. Charity, forsooth! Each such gift is a direct encouragement of evil—each such penny and sixpence is given to the devil, and not to God—a premium on idleness and lying and casual vagrancy—and too often, alas! leading on the pretty child to a life of sin, dating, sad to say, even from her childish years.

Let us look into the *ménage* of the Lane family, and the reader will better understand why I speak so strongly. These children were not orphans, but had a father and mother in the prime of life. The father was a stonemason, but, the boy told us, did not often go to work, and was very often drunk. The mother went to work occasionally. We did not like to ask too many questions respecting his parents' mode of life, but I have a strong suspicion that they lived in part, if not altogether, on the earnings of their little ones. The money brought in by the three children was nearly two pounds a week, and this would pretty well support the drunken father and worthless mother. What did they care about the demoralization of their poor bairns?

But is there not a paternal Government which compels all parents to send their children regularly to school? Yes, there is, and on this point we duly examined Billy. "Did not you go to school?" "Sometimes; perhaps about once a week." "Did not the School Board officer come round?" "Yes, very often. Mother used to say that she was very poor, and wanted us to go errands for her." "Did they take her excuses?" "Sometimes, but she was fined now and then." "Did she pay the fine?" "Yes, she always paid the fine, and sent me to school the next day, and then I went back to my crossing." "Was she often fined?" "About five or six times, that I remember." The little flower girls apparently escaped the vigilance of School Board inspectors; perhaps their mother kept them out of sight, or it may be that she was summoned, but the kind-hearted magistrate listened to her excuses. Anyhow—and this is the sad thing—it was worth her while to pay the fine out of her children's earnings, and then quietly to set the law at defiance. What was a fine of five shillings, when deducted perhaps once a month from the weekly income of two pounds?

It is quite superfluous to urge upon my readers the moral of this story. What the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends* playfully inculcates in the poem of "Misadventures at Margate" respecting

ill-bestowed charity, I would in all sober seriousness beg them to take to heart; and I would add, For God's sake do not encourage little flower girls; do not ever give money to children in the street. You are doing the devil's work, not a work of charity; and the maudlin sympathy that leads you to give, the sentimental pity that is stirred for the poor little maiden's tale of sorrow, is more like a vice than a virtue—a bit of varnished selfishness, without a grain of true charity in it.

Happily for my friend Billy, one day a lady, a true Samaritan, passed by, spoke to him, inquired his history, and offered to send him to a training school in Liverpool. The good Samaritan was a Protestant. The school to which the boy was sent was a Protestant school. But when she found that the child was a Catholic, she had the charity to fetch him thence and to send him to Father Barry's Home, and there he has been for some eight months—at first very troublesome, and craving after a vagrant life, but now bright and happy, quite weaned from the past, and withal promising to be an excellent shoemaker and respectable citizen when his time of apprenticeship is over.

Another boy, Edward Moran, who makes his appearance next, has a different story. He is a strong, solid-looking boy like Billy is learning the shoe trade, and like him, bids fair to turn out a good workman. His father died when he was nine years old. For three years after this he was sent to an industrial school in the North. At the end of the time his mother, who had married again, came and claimed him on the ground that his step-father could support him, and the authorities accordingly handed him over to his affectionate relatives. He had been an industrious boy, and had earned quite a nice little sum of money by the mats and baskets he had made. He had, moreover, a new suit of clothes just provided for him before he left. Home accordingly his loving mother took him, and of course to her his half-sovereign and several shillings beside were duly intrusted. Alas! she and her new spouse had no motive save one of dishonest greed in fetching the poor boy. The money was spent on a drunken bout, and when it was gone, he was compelled to strip off his new suit and put on some rags in their place, and the new clothes were promptly sold, and another drunken bout consumed the proceeds. When this was done, step-father and loving mother turned him out of doors, and told him to go and earn his living. What was he to do? A boy of twelve, wandering about the streets in rags! For some months

he lived the usual vagrant life which boys by the dozen live in our large seaport towns. Begging, selling matches and newspapers, and carrying parcels, he picked up a scanty livelihood somehow. He and his companions never slept in a bed—that was altogether beyond their means. Why should they, when they were able to get a quiet lodging gratis?

I should never have guessed where they habitually passed the night. When it got dark they used to steal down to the water-side, and hiding until the watchman had passed, they noiselessly clambered up some ship's side, and under cover of the darkness made their way, in warm weather to a quiet nook on deck, where they hid themselves under the shelter of the tarpauling, and in cold weather to the stoke-hole. Sometimes they were caught and turned off, but if they could once get down below they were safe, even if the stoker espied them. It seems that stokers have kind hearts, and he generally let them stop, and would sometimes give them a bit of bread and a drink to boot. Then in the genial warmth close by the fire they would curl themselves up and sleep soundly till the early dawn, when they would hasten away while all was still quiet, and after a wash at some public fountain, rendered necessary by their grimy couch, they started with begging at the early coffee stalls for some slight refreshment before they began the day.

This life on shipboard made master Ned fancy that he would like to take occasion of the departure of his floating domicile to see a little of the world, and knowing as he did the lurking places of the ship, he started on several voyages as a "stowaway." In this way he had several times been to Calcutta and back. He was always caught soon after the ship sailed, as hunger compelled him to leave his hiding-place. Of course the captain used some rather rough language, and threatened him with a hiding, but sailors are good-natured men, and the offence was invariably condoned, and Ned was fed and lodged, and made to help the sailors at their work, as the price of his maintenance. But at last he met with a captain who had been embittered by a long experience of stowaways more than once found, and would have none of them. In the Bay of Biscay Ned was discovered, and at Port Said he was put on shore, taken to the British Consul, and promptly sent back to England, and landed at the Albert Docks, whence happily he made his way to the new Catholic Home, where he is now one of the most satisfactory of the inmates.

Charles Burden had a different story. More than a year ago his mother died, leaving two girls aged respectively thirteen and fifteen, and Charlie himself, aged fourteen. They had no friends, no one to help them, and the grown-up girl provided a home for the two younger ones, living the life of a poor girl upon the streets. She was kind to her brother and little sister, but they were of course utterly neglected, and the boy was expected to provide for himself. When the elder sister came home at early morn, the two younger children used to issue forth and make their way to the coffee houses to beg for broken bits from the proprietors. This supplied them with a breakfast; after this the little girl ran about the streets till mid-day, when the elder sister would get up to her breakfast, while the boy went to work in the dust-yards. The reader probably knows that there is quite a little army of East-enders, men and women, of the lowest sort, employed in sifting cinders and sorting the rubbish and refuse that is carried off from our homes by the dust carts. The work of carrying the baskets of sifted materials to and fro is mainly done by boys, who get a few coppers from the working men and women for their services. They can earn some fivepence, or at most sixpence a day by their labour. It is a miserable task, and quite unfit for children. The moral atmosphere of these dust-yards is of the lowest, and the example and language is simply revolting. When the dust-yards were slack Charlie would buy boxes of matches for three a penny, and sell them at a half-penny a piece, or if the purchaser was a "swell," who despised change, at the more remunerative price of a penny. Happily some priest making his rounds called at the house where the elder sister lived, found the boy a promising lad in spite of his surroundings, and took pity on him. The younger girl too was rescued from her home just in time to save her from following her elder sister's example, and is now picking up health and strength at the Convalescent Home at Margate, while the boy, who has been a model of good behaviour during the twelve months, shows a talent for carpentry, which will at least render a return to the dust-yards unnecessary.

One boy more and I have done. Philip Haythorn was indeed a genuine waif and stray. He was about twelve, and rather a superior child, with a clear indication in his little face that he did not belong to the lowest class. His mother had



died two years before. Up to that time he had been cared for and sent to school, but after her death he had been completely neglected. He lived alone somewhere in Holloway with his father, who was a cabinet maker, and a clever workman, who made articles of furniture on his own account, and then went out and sold them to the shops or at private houses. Almost all the money thus earned went in drink. A successful bargain meant a drunken debauch, and this too often meant also a cruel beating for little Philip. It always meant that he was left uncared for and half-starved, picking up what he could from compassionate fellow-lodgers until his father's "spree" was over. This sort of life went on for nearly two years, until one day his father came in from his work, complained of a pain in his side and went to bed. The child got frightened as the day went on, and called in a compassionate lodger, who sent for the doctor forthwith. But it was too late, and the same evening the man died—of what we gathered was a severe attack of pleurisy accelerated by drink.

Then comes the curious part of the story. That night, according to the boy's account, three strange men came into the room where his father lay dead, and turned the child out. He sat for some time on the steps outside crying, and then knocked again at the door of the room where his father lay dead. The men drove him away, and he took refuge that night with a lodger in the house. The next day he again knocked for admission, and this time was driven away with many threats if he should reappear. Our surmise was that the man had some books or furniture, and that these ruffians knowing that this child was his only relative, determined to inherit the property. We questioned the boy about the furniture. He told us there was a bed, table, a chest of drawers, and five chairs; quite enough to tempt the cupidity of the invaders. The boy went back to the room where he had lodged the previous night, but they refused to receive him. So the poor child wandered forth homeless and friendless into the great waste of London, and for some five weeks simply lived in the streets. He fell in after a time with some companions who had run away from their homes, and were living by begging and stealing. They initiated him into the mysteries of their craft, and did their best to make him take part in their villanies by going into a shop and stealing something off the counter for them. But this he refused to

do. His moral perceptions were not quite dead, or it may be he had an wholesome dread of the policeman. During these five weeks his nightly lodging was of the queerest. On a piece of waste ground near the Docks a number of worn-out boilers had been turned out as useless, to be sold some day for old iron. Poor Philip and his companions collected some straw in these boilers, and there it was they used to lay their weary limbs when the shades of night fell on outcast London. For bedding besides the straw, I believe they had three sacks, which one of them managed to—well, to “convey”—and into these sacks they crept and laid themselves down inside the boilers until rosy-fingered morn should struggle once again through the fog and smoke of London. A hard time for poor Philip! When he came to the Home he was in a most horrible condition of filth and emaciation, and his skin was all torn by his long nails in his effort to rid himself of the irritation caused by the vermin that covered him. But God had not forgotten this poor little waif. One day one of the bigger boys from the Home was walking along Fenchurch Street, eating a big piece of recently purchased cake, when up comes poor starving little Philip and begs for a bit of it. This led the eater of the cake to question him, and the result was that he was introduced to Father Barry, and sheltered under his friendly roof. The child was not in the least shy, told his story simply and like a little man. He still had traces on him of that month of misery and of the previous neglect, but he was fast recovering; the light was coming back to his eye, and something like the hue of health to his pale, hollow little cheeks.

These various stories, good reader, are no invention, they are what I heard from the lips of the children themselves, and if you wish to hear them also, I have no doubt Father Barry will be pleased to give you an opportunity. I have changed the names of the boys, but all else is true to the letter, or as nearly true as I am able to make it, writing as I do from memory, with the aid of nothing more than a few notes taken at the time. If these details make upon you only a tithe of the impression that they made upon me when given *vivà voce* by the poor children—if only you can realize the good that is being done in that square house hard by Stepney Station, I am sure you will be as anxious as myself to see these poor waifs and

strays rescued there from misery and sin, and from the certain apostasy that awaits them when once they enter the doors of one of Dr. Barnardo's Protestant Homes. For there is proselytizing and proselytizing, and it is quite possible to make no overt attack on the religion of a child, but none the less certainly to undermine his faith by a thousand indirect means. A non-sectarian home is necessarily an anti-Catholic home, the teaching is anti-Catholic, the influences are anti-Catholic, the books they read are anti-Catholic, the sermons they listen to are anti-Catholic.

To leave our boys to drift wholesale into such homes as these is a sin and a shame; yet thither they must drift, unless those to whom God has given the means of doing so come forward to support with liberal hand a Catholic Home. It is useless to attempt to conceal from ourselves, or from those outside the Church, the terrible extent of leakage that is continually going on in London. The vices of a large city are a fruitful source of apostasy. At least half the leakage is due to drunkenness, while mixed marriages, and immoral lives, and carelessness, and sloth, account for the rest.

One thing is certain. These various influences for evil do not rob only those who are themselves to blame of the treasure of the faith. The poor children, alas! are despoiled of their inheritance through their parents' vice and indifference. It is the children who are to be pitied; it is the children who have a claim on us; it is the children whom we can save, and through God's mercy bring up to be good Catholics hereafter. This is the work that the Cardinal Archbishop, in his tender love for the souls of the children, has entrusted to Father Barry. It is this work that I earnestly commend to the generous charity of the readers of *THE MONTH*.

R. F. CLARKE.

*To a Thrush in January.*

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I.

BRAVE, happy Bird! Yea, so thrice happy, thou,  
Who, heedless all of cold and suffering,  
Of sad times past, or what the days may bring  
Of hardship that will, haply, end thee, lo,  
There from yon leafless tree, on topmost bough,  
Flooding the landscape round, dost sweetly sing,  
Heart-full of joy and gladness as 'twere Spring,  
And only roses were to look for now!  
Well if of thee a lesson man would learn,  
When hapless days befall, nor vainly fret  
And vex his soul with comfortless concern,  
But, fain of heart, sure find some goodness yet  
In evil, till to grace itself it turn,  
And he his cares in grateful praise forget!

II.

Gaily thou singest this dull Winter morn,  
With joyous make-believe of May and mirth,  
As thou wert not a-hunger'd, for the dearth  
Of bud or berry upon tree or thorn,  
Throughout the range of wood and plain forlorn,  
Seek, starveling, as thou may; nor from thy birth  
Hadst known save peace and plenty on the earth,  
Nor nature e'er an unkind aspect worn!

Ah me! but if thou die ere Winter cease ;  
And when the Spring-flowers blossom, and the air  
Swoons with rich odours, and their toil the bees  
Set to soft music, thou'rt no longer there !  
"Sing, while thou art," thy song doth seem to say,  
"Nor with dreams vex thee of a doubtful day."

ROBERT STEGGALL.

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## *Shall we abolish the Death Penalty for Murder?*<sup>1</sup>

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THE recent abolition of capital punishment in Italy, and its practical disuse in almost all those countries on the continent which still nominally retain it in their codes, make it opportune to revive a very old controversy, and to consider the advantages and disadvantages of this kind of punishment as applied in our own land.

There has been for many years in England, as elsewhere, a growing feeling against putting criminals to death, and, apart from the mere sentimentality which surrounds the question, so many arguments have been urged against the old-fashioned penalty, that, however strongly we may lean towards its retention, we are compelled to listen to the other side.

It is proposed in the following paper,

1. To give a slight sketch of the history of capital punishment in this country.
2. To consider the principal arguments in favour of the abolition of the death penalty, and
3. To state the conclusions at which we have arrived, on a consideration of the whole matter.

### I.

There is no doubt that in the early periods of the history of this country capital punishment was very common. After the Conquest, however, it seems to have been superseded by mutilation. But during the reigns of Richard the First, Henry the Third, and Edward the First, it re-asserted itself and became the common penalty for felony,<sup>2</sup> and this continued to be the law as to treason, and as to all felonies, except petty larceny

<sup>1</sup> This paper is confined to the punishment of murder, and does not touch the capital offences of treason, burning dockyards or arsenals, and piracy with violence.

<sup>2</sup> Felony comprised every species of crime which occasioned at common law forfeiture of lands and goods, *e.g.*, homicide, burglary, theft, &c.



(stealing below the value of twelve pence) and mayhem<sup>1</sup> down to the year 1826; subject, however, to the singular and intricate exceptions introduced by the law relating to Benefit of Clergy.

This privilege, which consisted in being excused from capital punishment, owed its origin to the claim of the clergy to be free from the jurisdiction of the temporal courts. The ordinary could have the clerk, of whatever crime he was suspected, delivered to him; he was kept in prison until he had duly purged himself from the accusation, and if he failed so to do he was degraded. In Henry the Sixth's time it had become customary for the clerk to be convicted by the lay tribunal before he could "claim his clergy."

A statute of Edward the Third gave the privilege to all clerks, secular as well as regular, including subdeacons, door-keepers, readers, exorcists, &c.; but as a matter of fact, the courts extended it to all persons who could read, whether they were in truth clerics or not. The reason for this was that reading was the test which the court applied when a man claimed benefit of clergy. "If he could not read the court would not deliver him as a clerk, though the ordinary did claim him. And if he did read he should be allowed as a clerk, though the ordinary refused him."<sup>2</sup> Thus not only priests were exempted, but also those who were capable of receiving Holy Orders when there might be occasion for their services; women, however, being incapable of ordination, were (except professed nuns) for centuries excluded from benefit of clergy.

By the ancient common law felonies were but few, the principal ones being homicide, burglary, arson, robbery, theft, and (later) mayhem, and were all, except petty larceny and mayhem, punishable with death, but clergyable. "The result

<sup>1</sup> The ancient law as to mayhem was "*membrum pro membro*," afterwards it was punishable with fine and imprisonment, and it was only in one exceptional case accounted felony. A statute of Henry the Fourth made certain acts of this kind felony, and an Act of Henry the Eighth gave a civil remedy when a man had had his ear cut off through malice. And by the Coventry Act of Charles the Second, occasioned by an assault on Sir John Coventry in the street, and slitting his nose, in revenge for some obnoxious words said to have been used by him in Parliament, acts of mayhem were made felonies without benefit of clergy. These statutes are all repealed and replaced by broader provisions of the present reign.

<sup>2</sup> *Armstrong v. Lisle*. *Kelyng* (old Ed.) p. 100. The necessity of reading was abolished by a statute of Anne.

was to bring about for a great length of time a state of things which must have reduced the administration of justice to a sort of farce. Till 1487 any one who knew how to read might commit murder as often as he pleased, with no other result than that of being delivered to the ordinary to make his purgation, with the chance of being delivered to him *absque purgatione*. . . . Even in 1487, a man who could read could commit murder once, with no other punishment than that of having M branded on the brawn of his left thumb, and, if he was a clerk in Holy Orders, he could, till 1547, commit any number of murders apparently without being branded more than once."<sup>1</sup>

High treason, highway robbery, and burning of houses, were never clergyable felonies, and by a series of statutes other offences were excluded from the privilege, while, in the case of persons who could not read, all felonies, including every theft above the value of one shilling, were capital crimes.

In the course of the eighteenth century, the combined effect of the two processes of taking away the privilege of clergy from a number of offences, and of creating new felonies without benefit of clergy, was to render the criminal law extremely severe, but in practice the punishment of death was inflicted only in a small proportion of the cases in which sentence was passed.

Benefit of clergy was abolished in 1827, and provision was at the same time made to obviate the result which would have been that every case of stealing above the value of a shilling would have been punishable with death. A series of Acts were subsequently passed reducing the number of cases in which death was the penalty, and now the only capital offences are: treason, murder, piracy with violence, and setting fire to dockyards and arsenals.

The history of the matter is given in detail by Sir James Stephen, but perhaps the above slight outline will be sufficient to show the vacillation of our law between laxity and severity, and also the fact that "too severe laws are never executed," at any rate, to their full extent. In a very learned article by the same distinguished writer it was pointed out in 1864<sup>2</sup> that the real reason why in trials for murder in our own times juries so often practically refuse to convict, is, that our

<sup>1</sup> Stephen's *History of the Criminal Law*, vol. i. p. 463.

<sup>2</sup> *Fraser's Magazine*, p. 537.

legal definition of the offence is so much wider than the popular idea of the crime. Now such a refusal may not be justifiable in men who are under an oath to give a true verdict on the evidence; but human nature is human nature, and it must be acknowledged that a jury are placed in a very uncomfortable position when they are told that an act, which both they and every one else know perfectly well is not murder, yet in law amounts to that crime.

Now the legal definition of murder is "unlawful homicide with malice aforethought." This sounds very reasonable until we ask what in law constitutes "malice aforethought"; when we find that it includes, 1. An intention to cause death or grievous bodily harm to any person, whether such person is the one actually killed or not.

Or, 2. Knowledge that the act which causes death will probably cause death, or grievous bodily harm, to some one (whether such person is the one actually killed or not), although there is in the mind of the actor indifference, or even a wish that death or bodily harm may not be caused.

Or, 3. An intention to commit any felony whatever.

Or, 4 (Shortly). An intent to oppose by force an officer of justice in the execution of his duty.<sup>1</sup>

Now it is quite obvious that many cases which would fall under this definition are not morally murders at all.<sup>2</sup> To take one example, "A a thief pursued by B a constable, who wishes to arrest A, trips up B, who is accidentally killed. This is murder."

So long as the definition of murder is so wide, the law on the subject will be to a great extent futile, because public opinion, which is for most people the standard of right and wrong, upholds a jury in declining to find a murder in law when they are of opinion that the prisoner is not morally guilty to that extent. The recent case of *Regina v. Serné*,<sup>3</sup> which we all remember, well illustrates this state of feeling, and we also refer to it on account of the practical change which it has made for the better in the law where the "malice aforethought," necessary to constitute the crime, consists merely in the intention to commit a felony.

<sup>1</sup> Stephen's *Digest of the Criminal Law*.

<sup>2</sup> It should be noted that certain kinds of provocation reduce the crime in law to manslaughter, if the person provoked is thereby deprived of the power of self-control.

<sup>3</sup> 16 Cox C. C. 311.

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The late Lord Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, had told a jury in 1868 that if a person seeking to commit a felony should, in the prosecution of that purpose, cause, although it might be unintentionally, the death of another, that by the law of England was murder. There were, he said, persons who maintained that when death thus occurred, not being the immediate purpose of the person causing the death, it was a harsh law which made the act murder. But the court and jury were sitting there to administer law, not to make or mould it, and the law was what he told them.<sup>1</sup> There was high authority for the proposition, and the illustration usually referred to was the following, "A shoots at a domestic fowl, intending to steal it, and accidentally kills B. A is guilty of murder." It was otherwise, however, if he only intended to kill and not to steal the fowl, or, if the bird was a wild partridge and not a domestic fowl!

In the *Queen v. Serné* it will be remembered that the prisoner, Serné had no doubt<sup>2</sup> set fire to a house in the Strand in order to obtain the insurance money for the furniture, which had been fraudulently insured for a sum far above its true value. The evidence showed that the prisoner had acted in a manner calculated to cause great suspicion. He had left inflammable matter about, and the fire had burst out simultaneously in several places; moreover, he and his wife escaped, leaving two children, who lost their lives, one of whom was an imbecile and insured.

Mr. Justice Stephen in summing up to the jury said, "If you think that the boy was killed either by an act done with intent to commit a felony, that is to say, the setting of the house on fire to cheat the Insurance Company, or by conduct which to their knowledge was likely to cause death—in either of these cases the prisoners<sup>3</sup> are guilty of wilful murder in the plain meaning of the word." The former definition might be harsh and too wide, but it was the accepted formula, but he added, "I very much doubt whether this is really the law, or whether the Court for the Consideration of Crown cases Reserved would hold it to be so; I think . . . it would be more reasonable to say that any act known to be dangerous to life and likely in itself to cause death done for the purpose of committing a felony which caused death should be murder." The verdict, however, was "Not Guilty."

Now this ruling certainly looks like judge-made law; but

<sup>1</sup> Barrett's case, *Times*, April 28, 1868.

<sup>2</sup> He was convicted of arson.

<sup>3</sup> Serné's assistant was also tried.

whether it be well made or not, no one, in the face of public opinion at the present time, will stop to inquire; and we may thankfully feel certain that no prisoner will ever for the future be found guilty of murder, merely because, in trying to commit a felony, he happens to kill some one. But what about the verdict of not guilty? Was not Serné not only engaged in a felony, but in one dangerous in itself? There was another trial, for arson, and the jury there thought the evidence sufficient in the case of Serne; but we see where the consequence of finding that the prisoner had committed a felony dangerous to life with the result of death, would have been a verdict of guilty on the charge of murder, the same evidence was thought insufficient. Of course the difference may have been in the minds of the two juries, but we hardly think it! The finding of the jury in the trial for murder was in reality, "Not guilty of directly intending to kill the children."

2.

The objections generally raised to capital punishment are the following:

1. It is not authorized by any right.
2. It is contrary to the Christian spirit and gratifies revenge.
3. It cuts a man off before the time appointed for his death, and lessens his opportunities of repentance.
4. It is irrevocable.
5. As an example to others it is far less lasting than long terms of imprisonment.
6. Experience shows that murders decrease where the death penalty is abolished, and increase where it is retained.

1. This first objection will hardly be seriously urged at the present day. In the earliest times, before society was organized, the voice of nature proclaimed the law that "whosoever sheddeth man's blood, his blood shall be shed." "Whoever shall see me will kill me," is the expression of what Cain thought he had deserved for the murder of his brother Abel. This law of nature was forced upon him by the voice speaking within and declaring the immutable character of the *Lex talionis*. The canon of Rhadamanthus declares that "strict justice is done when a man has done to him what he has done to others."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Rickaby, *Ethics*, p. 346.

When society became organized, the supreme authority in the State invested the magistrate with power in certain cases to inflict death as being just, necessary, or expedient in order that he might not "bear the sword in vain." If this be so, the objection resolves itself into the question whether the penalty of death is just, necessary, or expedient, and the answer can only be found in the consideration of the question as a whole.

2. In reply to the second objection, namely, that capital punishment is contrary to the Christian spirit, we may refer to the argument of Grotius,<sup>1</sup> where he reminds us that St. Paul says, "If I have wronged any man or done anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die," "from whence the opinion of St. Paul may be gathered, that even after the publication of the Gospel there were crimes which justice not only allowed but required to be punished with death," and then he goes on rather quaintly, "But if it had been the will of God that capital punishment should be abolished, Paul might have cleared himself, but he ought not to have left an impression on the minds of men, that it was at that time equally lawful as before to punish the guilty with death."

Domat puts it thus,<sup>2</sup> "And as the use of punishments has always been necessary in the multitude of crimes which have always abounded, we have seen that in the days wherein God Himself was pleased to govern in a visible manner the people whom He had made choice of, and to mix together the spiritual and the temporal government of His divine law which He gave to Moses, He then established the punishment of death against several crimes. But when He sent His Son into the world to plant the Gospel in the room of the ancient law, He separated from the spiritual ministry of religion the use of the punishment of death and of other corporal punishments, and left it solely to the temporal powers, that they might thereby maintain, as much as possible, the order of society."

Does capital punishment gratify revenge? Bentham thought that vengeance, like other pleasures, was innocent so long as it was confined within legal bounds, and criminal only when it overstepped them; that it was a feeling natural to man, and, like all other natural emotions, had legitimate as well as illegiti-

<sup>1</sup> See Grotius, *Rights of War and Peace, including the Law of Nature and of Nations*. By Rev. A. C. Campbell, bk. i. c. ii.

<sup>2</sup> Domat, *Public Law*, bk. iii. vol. ii. p. 607. (2nd Ed. by Strahan.)



mate modes of gratification. Catholics can hardly endorse this sentiment; but if we substitute indignation for vengeance, we shall probably be right in taking this view; and it is unlikely that the public will feel, on the execution of a murderer, anything more personal than the satisfaction of those sentiments of indignation which all right-minded persons entertained when they heard of the crime in the punishment of which they rejoice.

3. It cuts a man off, it is said, before the time appointed for his death, and lessens his opportunities of repentance.

The first part of this objection begs the question as to what was the appointed time of the man's death. And with the second part we are unable to agree, as we know that a man with death staring him in the face is far more likely to repent than one who has an indefinite period of human life before him. Moreover, the companionship and surroundings of gaol life are not generally considered conducive to religious progress.

4. It is irrevocable. Under this objection it is urged that fallible men should not pass an infallible sentence; meaning by infallible, incapable of correction. It is no doubt true that in some cases saving evidence has come too late, and the innocent have suffered for the guilty, but no human proceeding can be free from occasional error, and there is no doubt that when the penalty is death, the greatest caution is exercised by all concerned in the trial, and even after sentence far greater efforts are made on behalf of the prisoner, where any real doubt exists as to his guilt, than would be the case if the punishment were merely penal servitude for a long term of years.

5. We doubt, in spite of the opinion of Beccaria, who raised the fifth objection, whether the example of the death penalty is less lasting than that of long imprisonment, for "out of sight out of mind," and we are not always thinking of convicts undergoing penal servitude. And certainly the effect upon the public at the time is far more incisive. We agree with the view of Bentham,<sup>1</sup> that the punishment of death is exemplary in a higher degree than any other, and that where sparingly employed it makes a deep and lasting impression.

6. In considering the last objection, when we look at the statistics we are certainly struck with the coincidence which in all cases (except that of Portugal, which is doubtful) exists

<sup>1</sup> See Bentham's *Rationale of Punishment*.

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between abolition of capital punishment and diminution in the number of murders. But statistics must necessarily be always dangerous, as perfect knowledge of all circumstances is unattainable, and we hesitate to assume in this case, *Post hoc ergo propter hoc*. If it is so, we think the improvement attributable, not directly to the abolition of the penalty itself, but to the abolition of a state of things in which, on account of the popular prejudice against capital punishment, sentence of death was so seldom carried out that the nominal punishment became valueless as a deterrent from crime. Of course there are men whom nothing will turn from their purpose, but it could hardly be denied that, in the majority of cases, if a man knew for certain that death was the penalty, it would be the strongest deterrent that could be found. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that the experience of other countries shows that capital punishment is not at all times necessary. The Marchese Beccaria considered it necessary only in the case of a man who, though deprived of his liberty, has such power and connections as may endanger the security of the nation; when his existence may produce a dangerous revolution in the established form of government, and that even then it could only be requisite when a nation was on the verge of recovering or losing its liberty, or in times of anarchy, never in tranquillity, and under a government approved by the united wishes of the people. We can, however, easily conceive cases in which, apart from these special circumstances, it becomes almost if not quite necessary. Inspector Kittle, in his evidence before the Capital Punishment Commission, 1865, gave it as his own opinion and that of the police generally, that murders would be more frequent in this country if capital punishment were abolished; and that if a desperate character when in custody knew that penal servitude for life would be his only penalty, he would not hesitate to murder the constable, in order to liberate himself; and this evidence was corroborated by a detective officer, whose clear conviction it was, that criminals, who have incurred and suffered the punishment of penal servitude, are not to be deterred from further crime by a mere repetition of the same penalty. "If Pusey," he said, referring to a particular criminal whom he had had in custody, "if Pusey had murdered me, in such a supposed state of the law, he could only have got penal servitude for life, and he was as nearly certain as possible that he would have penal servitude for life if he did not murder me."

This was on account of the crime for which he was then in custody and his many previous convictions.

3.

We will now state our reasons for advocating the retention of the death penalty as a punishment for murder.

One great reason for retaining capital punishment for the worst crimes (and scarcely any one in England would advocate any other for such men, say, as the Chicago anarchists, or the Whitechapel murderer, if he is ever caught and not found to be insane) and, indeed, we think for all cases of deliberate murder, is the almost insuperable difficulty of finding an adequate substitute.

Life servitude is never carried out in England, sentences being revised at the end of twenty years. Colonel Henderson before the Commission said it would take almost a century to get criminals to believe in its being carried out, and if it were carried into effect, prisoners with no hope would have to be treated either as lunatics and made comfortable, or as wild beasts at the Zoological Gardens. "We have men now," he continued, "who are very little removed from wild beasts. I do not say they are mad, but they can never be approached by one man at a time; they are none the less obliged to be treated like wild beasts, and the warder always goes with, as you may say, his life in his hand."

This point has very recently been treated<sup>1</sup> by Mr. William Tallack, the secretary of the Howard Association. He is a man of the greatest experience in the matter, having devoted over a quarter of a century to the investigation of all the branches of the great subjects of crime prevention and punishment. He gives it as his opinion that life servitude is impracticable, and suggests as a substitute, a term of twenty years' penal servitude with a subsequent period of supervision, in all but the most outrageous and alarming cases, for which he advocates the death penalty. We do not think that such a punishment for intentional murder is sufficient on any ground. In the first place, we should have to lower the whole scale of penalties in proportion, which would hardly be advisable. Then it must not be forgotten that it is a rule without exception, that the moment the penalty (either inflicted by the law or by public opinion) is lowered, the popular detestation of the offence is

<sup>1</sup> *Penological and Preventive Principles.*

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proportionately lessened. Lastly, it appears to us that the moral aspect of the matter requires greater severity. In order to show this, we must inquire what are the objects of punishment? and in answer we will accept perhaps the latest important *dicta* on the subject: those of Sir Edward Fry, L.J.<sup>1</sup>

He considers the ends of punishment to be reformation, repression, and example, but looks upon these as secondary only to the great end which he calls the moral root of the whole doctrine, namely, association in some degree, of suffering with sin, in order to which there is a duty laid upon us of making this relationship as real, actual, and exact in proportion as possible.<sup>2</sup> His conclusions are that the deepest ground of punishment is this purely moral one; that there are other and independent reasons why society ought to inflict punishment; that the measure of punishment may vary with the different reasons for its infliction; and that the highest of the measures of punishment for any given offence is that with which society ought to visit it.

Now we think that the death penalty when inflicted for murder pre-eminently answers these four ends of punishment. The immediate prospect of death certainly ought to work a reform in the condemned man's spiritual condition. The penalty itself obviously prevents further crime on his part. And we feel certain that the example would have great effect upon others, if the legal definition of murder were so conformed to the popular idea of the crime, as to make a verdict and execution certain in clear cases of deliberate murder. We submit that when death was directly or indirectly intended or looked upon as probable by the perpetrator of the deed which caused the death, although of a different person from the one aimed at, morally the crime would be murder; but we doubt whether this would not be too wide for the British jury,

<sup>1</sup> See *Nineteenth Century* for September, 1883 (No. 79).

<sup>2</sup> The word "sin" will doubtless meet with objection from many persons. Sin is an offence against God, and with this, it is now alleged, the law has no concern; and our law is unfortunately disclaiming more and more its connection with Christianity. It does not require, however, a very deep theologian to tell us that most of the offences against society which are punished by the criminal law (not begging!) are offences also against God, and Catholics will agree that in a Christian State even temporal punishments would bear some such relation to sin as these contended for by the learned Lord Justice. But even non-Catholics will not object to a proposition stating that it is of importance that punishment inflicted by law should have, for one of its objects, the association of offences against the current ideas of morality with suffering.

and probably it would have to be confined now-a-days to cases of direct intention to cause death, coupled with an act which did cause death to some one, whether the person aimed at or not. We think even with some such definition as this, some provision would have to be made to enable a jury to find as a fact that the act was done through some violent and sudden temptation, and to give a judge, under such circumstances, a discretion to lower the penalty. Perhaps, also, the question of provocation might be treated in this way instead of as it is now, and the limits of provocation as it affects this crime might be enlarged. These suggestions, however, are thrown out with the greatest diffidence, having regard to the difficulties with which the subject is beset; but our meaning is that murder in law should be made as much as possible like murder in common parlance, and that a discretion should be given to the judge in passing sentence, where, though the crime may clearly be murder, yet there exist real, and not merely extenuating circumstances in the French meaning.<sup>1</sup>

Finally the punishment of death, more than any other which could be inflicted for murder, associates the greatest offence with the greatest, or at any rate, the highest form of suffering, and thus realizes the exalted standard at which the learned Lord Justice was aiming when he said, "In a word, you can never separate the idea of right and wrong from the idea of punishment without an infinite degradation of the latter conception. Punishment is a part of justice if it is anything of moral worth; and I cannot bring myself to think of justice without regard to right and wrong, without regard to the utterances of the human conscience, without a thought behind all of an infinite and perfect Judge. To make justice a mere term for the enforcement of laws which have no moral colour, and rest only on the balance of the scales of pain and pleasure, is to rob it, to my mind, not only of all its dignity, but of all its meaning."

W. C. MAUDE.

<sup>1</sup> The power to find *circumstances atténuantes* in France is far too wide.

## *The Voices of Babel.*

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IF one thing should be clearer than another to students of modern scientific literature, it is that the philosophers of our generation are in process of building an edifice more enduring than bronze, and more lofty, not only than the ancient pyramids of kings, but than anything that men or demigods ever yet contrived to rear upon the earth. Never before has arch-contriving man succeeded in raising himself to so lofty a perch, to one whence he can, with eagle glance, take in every nook and cranny of the universe. The old race, who thought to get to regions of empyrean light by use of brick and mortar, the giants who, with like intent, piled Ossa on Olympus, and leaf-shaking Pelion upon both, these indeed failed, and deserved to fail, because they used so clumsy and unintelligent a machinery. But the work they ambitioned can be done, and we are doing it. The unceasing discoveries of science, not only give us knowledge of the facts of nature, but, cemented and compacted by exact thought, grow into a stately pile, which has already pierced the clouds and vapours, hitherto bounding mortal vision, and shown us what is above them, or more truly what is not. For the great net result of discovery in these sublime regions is assuredly this, that they are empty and void, containing nothing of all that with which human ignorance has credited them hitherto. All proves to be as unsubstantial as the baseless fabric of a dream, except only the tower of science, and the solid earth of material facts whereon its base reposes. There is no God in sight beyond, no power, no will, no mind. Heaven has been taken by storm, in the sense that the light of knowledge has been cast into its recesses, and they have been found to be empty; and men need therefore trouble themselves no more about anything there, or about anything that professes to issue thence.

Such is undoubtedly the purport of the despatches that come floating down to us humbler mortals, who have had no



hand in the edifice, as we still plod our accustomed ways beneath, from those whom we understand to be on its summit. He who may claim to be the very mast-head man, "Our great philosopher," Mr. Herbert Spencer, "the only man in England who can lay claim to the title; the only man in Europe now living who has constructed a real system of philosophy,"<sup>1</sup> "The Apostle of the Understanding,"<sup>2</sup> proclaims to us in words, which would appear to have got somewhat mixed with cloud in coming down, that "Difficulties, some of which are often discussed, but never disposed of, must force men hereafter to drop the higher anthropomorphic characters given to the First Cause, as they have long since dropped the lower. The conception which has been enlarging from the beginning must go on enlarging, until, by disappearance of its limits, it becomes a consciousness which transcends the forms of distinct thought, though it ever remains a consciousness."<sup>3</sup> In other words, and perhaps more plainly, none of the faculties we know in man are to be found in the world beyond, neither intelligence nor free will; as the tower has grown, this has become the more obvious, and the highest object of our thought is one we cannot think about.

The line of argument by which this conclusion is reached, with which argument I am not now concerned, is enthusiastically welcomed by Mr. Frederick Harrison, as absolutely unanswerable, and as the last word in the controversy with theology. "That word," he assures us, "is decisive, and it is hard to conceive how theology can rally for another bout, from such a *sortes* of dilemma as is there presented."<sup>4</sup> In fact, to sum up, what does not require proof, in the words of one who, at any rate, had the full courage of his opinions, and expressed them in terms the clearest he could command, it is generally agreed amongst 'philosophic thinkers,' that Professor Clifford spoke truly when he declared,<sup>5</sup> that, "Those who can read the signs of the times, read in them that the Kingdom of Man is at hand."

The Kingdom of Man! He has established his position as the roof and crown of things; there is nothing above him or equal to him in the universe, if there be naught else that can think and freely act; and it therefore behoves him to take

<sup>1</sup> Mr. F. Harrison, *Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1884, p. 354.

<sup>2</sup> Professor Kingdon Clifford, *Essays*, p. 417.

<sup>3</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, Jan. 1884, p. 8.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* March, 1884, p. 495.

<sup>5</sup> *Essays*, p. 417.

command of the position, as the only superior officer present. He has dispelled the phantoms of theology, which, phantoms as they were, did yet, in some sort of way, contrive, and for a considerable number of years, to furnish motives, which, in some degree, dominated the lives of men, and led them to make society possible, by agreeing to certain rules of the game of life, commonly called the moral law; rules which have prevented the world from presenting on a large scale the drama of the Kilkenny cats. Theology being gone, its laws have, of course, gone too, or at least the sanction on which they rested. But, as society will not go on without law, it is incumbent on the new rulers, as on Zeus and his brothers, when they had turned out their father's dynasty, to get their realm in order, by promulgating a new code, or at least by finding a new basis for the old one. It is into the latter problem, indeed, that their task resolves itself, for there seems to be a pretty general consensus, that, in themselves, the old laws were right; that justice, brotherly love, self-denial, truthfulness, and decency, must continue to rule the world, if the world is to go on creditably, and if society is not to resolve itself into primitive nebula. The great difficulty is, that as there is no use in a law, unless there be something to make men keep it, some motive power must be found to replace the fear of the Lord, formerly held to be the beginning of wisdom, and the love of Him, which was its end.

Our leaders of thought feel themselves abundantly equal to the task, and the air around is resonant with their voices, eagerly telling their several discoveries of what will fulfil the needful function. But it rather begins to look as if history were going to repeat itself; as if the necessary result of so lofty a station as that they have attained, were to produce a confusion of tongues, such as once already is recorded to have marred an enterprise of similar ambition. Our high authorities, it is apparent, have ceased to understand one another, for the main purport of the various utterances borne to our ears is flat contradiction, each of all the rest.

The materialist assures us, looking down to the base on which material science rests, that matter is all, and all is matter. In it, says Professor Tyndall,<sup>1</sup> "we discern the promise and potentiality of all terrestrial life. We claim, and we shall wrest from theology the entire domain of cosmological theory. The

<sup>1</sup> Belfast Address.

doctrine of evolution derives man, in his totality, from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages past." "Thought," says Moleschott,<sup>1</sup> "is a movement of matter." Man is therefore only a machine, so constructed as to think, and in the mechanics of thought the chief factor is phosphorus, "without phosphorus no thought."<sup>2</sup> From this, of course, it follows that we are, as Professor Huxley has hinted, "but the cunningest of nature's clocks," and if so we need not trouble ourselves about any rule of action, for we can no more help doing what we do, than a clock can help striking.

But no sooner is the materialistic creed enunciated, than it is drowned in a tumult of scientific indignation. It is a doctrine, Mr. Leslie Stephen tells us,<sup>3</sup> already dead and buried, and "it has died because it is too absurd a doctrine even for philosophers. It is as easy as it is edifying to expose materialism. As Comte says, it is the most illogical form of metaphysics." Professor Huxley, though he sails very near the wind in its regard, is resolved to find a way to avoid falling into a doctrine, of which he tells us,<sup>4</sup> "I believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error." "Utter materialism and necessarianism," according to the same authority, is "crass,"<sup>5</sup> it "may paralyze the energies, and destroy the beauties of a life."<sup>6</sup> Professor Clifford pronounces it, though resting on high authority, to be a "singular" doctrine, "founded on confusion of thought."<sup>7</sup> Mr. Leslie Stephen goes on to stigmatize it as a "degrading" doctrine which "men of science have abandoned, as completely as metaphysicians." He declares that "to say that intellect is made up of phosphates is not so much error as sheer nonsense."<sup>8</sup>

Materialism then is clearly naught according to scientific canons. But why, continues its last quoted opponent, should we trouble our heads about any doctrine at all? Let us take things as we find them. We are men; what matters it how we became so? We have our actual powers and faculties none the less if they have been derived from lowly, and, to our minds, disgusting, ancestors. Here they are and let us use them. And so for our ideas of what it is proper to do. Probably those ideas originated in the struggles and needs of brute progenitors, "dragons of the prime that tare each other in their slime," and so on down to the last link *Simia quam similis turpissima*

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Janet, *Materialism*, p. 34.

<sup>2</sup> Id. *Ibid.* p. 33.

<sup>3</sup> *Essays on Freethinking*, p. 89.

<sup>4</sup> *Lay Sermons*, p. 139.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* p. 140.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* p. 146.

<sup>7</sup> *Essays*, p. 328.

<sup>8</sup> *Essays*, pp. 89, 90.

*bestia nobis*. But what of that? "Property is not the less sacred because it originated in physical force;"<sup>1</sup> nor marriage because the primitive rite was probably to fell the beloved object with a club and carry her off in triumph.<sup>2</sup> Our religion, therefore, if religion we must have, should consist in respecting and acting on those principles which mankind have, somehow or other, come to acknowledge. This is the simple creed formulated by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, who with his brother appears to operate in a corps of Freethinkers unattached. "If," he says,<sup>3</sup> "human life is in the course of being fully described by science, I do not see what materials there are for any religion, or indeed what would be the use of one, or why it is wanted. We can get on very well without one, for though the view of life which science is opening to us, gives us nothing to worship, it gives us an infinity of things to enjoy. The world seems to me a very good one, if it would only last; love, friendship, ambition, science, literature, art, politics, commerce, professions, trades, and a thousand other things, will go on equally well, as far as I can see, whether there is or is not a God or a future state."

But this simple creed finds scant favour in other well-informed quarters, in fact its simplicity is not precisely considered to constitute a merit. According to Mr. Harrison it is an "original idea"<sup>4</sup> on the part of Sir James. Love! friendship! good-nature! kindness! whence, on such principles as his, is he going to get these excellent things? Nor does it seem probable to Mr. Harrison<sup>5</sup> that for the work of purifying the great masses of mankind, an agent will be discovered, in the common-sense maxim that "This is a very comfortable world for the prudent, the lucky, and the strong." No, no! theology, to be sure, is gone: a clean sweep has been made of that; but Mr. Harrison is quite positive that religion must remain: we must have an object towards which to direct our love and our duty, and a sense of duty to make us do it. Mr. Spencer concurs. Religion is the word: they are wrong who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments,<sup>6</sup> for, he tells us, "whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new," which it certainly would seem to be, with compound interest. But at all events Mr. Spencer is as firm as Mr. Harrison, that religion there must be, and that it is the

<sup>1</sup> *Essays*, p. 91.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 80.<sup>3</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, June 1884, p. 917.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* Sept. 1884, p. 377. <sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* Sept. 1884, p. 378. <sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* Jan. 1884, p. 10.

highest outcome of development. He pronounces that<sup>1</sup> "the ultimate form of religious consciousness, is the final development of a consciousness, which at the outset contained a germ of truth obscured by multitudinous errors."

Of like mind is Professor Clifford. All religions hitherto existent, have, it is true, been, to his mind, as bad as can be; so bad that they must be spoken of in whatever terms seem most likely to pain and shock their adherents. But for all that, says he,<sup>2</sup> "there are forms of religious emotion which do not thus undermine the conscience," and such a form is "Cosmic Emotion."<sup>3</sup>

But Mr. Harrison will not stand this: it is flat Pantheism. For Cosmic Emotion means awe, and delight, and poetic rapture, in view of the universe as such, of the starry heavens, the clouds, the ocean, the Alps. And how can this be religion unless the universe be God? But to say that everything is God is just as absurd as to say that everything is matter. To say that everything is God, is to say that right and wrong are equally divine, that "being and not being are identical, and that the identity of being consists in its being the union of two contradictories."<sup>4</sup> "If," he continues,<sup>5</sup> "God and universe are identical expressions, we had better drop one of them. Let us, in the name of sense, get rid of these big vague words, and having got rid of God and soul, as a verbal spiritualism, let us say simply—things, and have the courage of our opinions, and boldly profess as our creed, 'I believe in nothing except in things in general?'"

He goes on to inquire what practical benefit a cultivation of Cosmic Emotion is likely to bring to mankind; whether it will serve to comfort the sorrowful, to counsel the doubtful, to sustain the weak, to compel the wayward. Go, he suggests, and tell a debauchee to control his passions, by thinking that they are part of the divine essence: console the widow and the orphan by talking of sunsets or stellar infinities, "and when social passions rage their blackest, step forward with the religion of sweetness and light, and try if self-culture, so exquisitely sung by Goethe and his followers, will not heal the social delirium. It would be like offering roses to a famished tiger, or playing a

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, p. 9.

<sup>2</sup> *Essays*, p. 386.

<sup>3</sup> See essay under this title, pp. 394—417.

<sup>4</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, August, 1881, p. 289.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

sonata to a man in a fever."<sup>1</sup> "When people," he adds,<sup>2</sup> "decline to be bound by the cords of a formal theology, and proclaim their devotion to these facile abstractions, they are really escaping in a cloud of words from giving their trust to anything: for 'Things in general, as understood by myself,' is only a roundabout phrase for that good old rule, the simple plan—'What I like.'"

So far, therefore, it would appear that we have not got far forward in our quest: but then we have not yet given ear to the great upsetter of theologies, Mr. Spencer himself, to whom, if to anyone, belongs the right of setting up a new order in their stead; for to the victors belong the spoils. He, of course, has his suggestion ready. He tells us in effect,<sup>3</sup> that others miss the mark, because they do not look with the philosophic eye, and do not look in the right direction: they do not duly explore the new region into which science has lifted us. It contains nothing, to be sure, which we know or can know: but what then? It follows that it contains what we know not and can never know; the great Unknowable. This must be the true object of evolved worship; in it shall we find all we require: "An Infinite, Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."<sup>4</sup> But we are not to mistake him: it is not another name for God. He cannot tell us what it is, but, what it is not: for not He, but It, is its style and title: It has not mind, It has not will: Its attributes are negative, "the Ultimate Reality transcending human thought."<sup>5</sup>

These are solemn and sonorous tones, but, unlike those of Virgil's grave and meritorious man, they by no means induce the crowd of disputants to hold their peace and listen with outstretched ears. On the contrary, they only arouse a hubbub tenfold more boisterous than before. Mr. Harrison clearly conceives this to be of all ridiculous proposals, by far the most ridiculous. It can at best, he declares, give us a "Ghost of Religion."<sup>6</sup> And as to its object: why the Unknowable? And why spell it with a big U? If you know nothing about it, how do you know it is unknowable? and how that it is infinite, eternal, or *an* energy, not energies? Write it with a small letter, therefore, and call it the unknown.<sup>7</sup> But, however it be spelled,

<sup>1</sup> P. 290.<sup>2</sup> P. 289.<sup>3</sup> "Religion: a Retrospect and Prospect," *Nineteenth Century*, Jan. 1884.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 12.<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*<sup>6</sup> See essay under this title, *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1884.<sup>7</sup> P. 495.



Mr. Harrison is quite certain that it will never do for a god; and he sets to work with infinite gusto to hew in pieces Mr. Spencer's idol. "To make a religion out of the Unknowable," he says, "is far more extravagant than to make it out of the Equator or the Binomial Theorem."<sup>1</sup> "If religion there is still to be, it cannot be found in this No-man's land, and know-nothing creed:"<sup>2</sup> this creed, "summed up in one dogma—The Unknowable is everywhere, and Evolution is its prophet;"<sup>3</sup> "a creed having for its object such a mere *chimæra bombinans in vacuo*,"<sup>4</sup> which "might be a gooseberry or a parallelopiped."<sup>5</sup> Mathematics, he goes on, will enable us accurately to understand its nature. In them  $x$  standing always for the unknown,  $x$  must symbolize the Unknowable: so that "where two or three are gathered together to worship the Unknowable, they may be heard to profess their unwearying belief in  $x$ ."<sup>6</sup> And its potency to do religious work he thus illustrates:<sup>7</sup> "A child comes up to our Evolutionist friend, looks up in his wise and meditative face, and says: 'Oh! wise and great master, what is religion?' And he tells that child: 'It is the presence of the Unknowable.' 'But what,' asks the child, 'am I to believe about it?' 'Believe that you can never know anything about it?' 'But how am I to learn to do my duty?' 'Oh! for duty you must turn to the known, to moral and social science?' And a mother wrung with agony for the loss of her child, or the wife crushed by the death of her children's father, or the helpless and the oppressed, the poor and the needy, men, women, and children, in sorrow, doubt, and want, longing for something to comfort them, and to guide them, something to believe in, to hope for, to love, and to worship, they come to our philosopher, and they say, 'Your men of science have routed our priests, and have silenced our old teachers. What religious faith do you give us in its place?' And the philosopher replies (his full heart bleeding for them), and he says, 'Think on the Unknowable.'"

"One would like," he adds,<sup>8</sup> "to know how much of the Evolutionist's day is consecrated to seeking the Unknowable in a devout way, and what the religious exercises might be. How does the man of science approach the All-Nothingness? the microscopist? or the embryologist? or the vivisectionist? What do they learn about it? What strength and comfort

<sup>1</sup> P. 501.    <sup>2</sup> P. 497.    <sup>3</sup> P. 500.    <sup>4</sup> P. 504.    <sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* Sept. 1884. p. 374.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* March, 1884. p. 503.    <sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*    <sup>8</sup> P. 502.

does it give them? Nothing, nothing, it is an ever-present conundrum, to be everlastingly given up." At most, "The religion of the Agnostic comes to 'the belief, that there is a sort of a something, about which I can know nothing?'"<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Harrison is not alone in his attack upon this unlucky deity. Sir James Stephen joins in the onslaught with equal zest. "In fact," he says,<sup>2</sup> "Mr. Spencer's conclusion appears to me to have no meaning at all. It is so abstract that it asserts nothing. It is like a gigantic soap-bubble, not burst but blown thinner and thinner, till it has become absolutely imperceptible. If this is the prospect before religion, it would surely be simpler to say that the prospect before it is that of extinction. But if this conclusion is reached, why not say so plainly?"

But, as we have seen, this is just the conclusion that must not be reached. Religion there must be, and as Mr. Spencer cleared the ground of theology, so Mr. Harrison has cleared it of all rival philosophic systems, including Mr. Spencer's own, and the world stands vacant for the religion of the future, Mr. Harrison's peculiar creed.

All have erred fundamentally, he tells us, who did not look for a basis at once solid and vital, whereon to build. Science alone can give us solidity, but only one branch of science can give vitality besides. Matter, things in general, the sun, moon, and stars, the Unknowable, on none of these can we found a rule of duty, none will serve as a stimulus for right-doing. Those of them which we can know we cannot love, the unfortunate Unknowable we cannot even know. Yet "what," he asks,<sup>3</sup> "is religion for? Why do we want it? What do we expect it to do for us? If it can give us no sure ground for our minds to rest on, nothing to purify the heart, to exalt the sense of sympathy, to deepen our sense of beauty, to strengthen our resolves, to chasten us into resignation, and to kindle a spirit of self-sacrifice—what is the good of it? Religion is not a thing of star-gazing and staring, but of life and action."

Where are we to find a basis for such a religion as will do all this? Theology is out of the question, for, *ex hypothesi*, it has been finally disposed of by Mr. Spencer. We are confined to science, and, as already intimated, amongst the objects whereof science treats there is but one that can awaken in us any feeling

<sup>1</sup> P. 496.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* June, 1884. p. 908.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* March, 1884, p. 501.

that prompts to action. This solitary object is man: it follows that man must be the object of rational religious emotion, and that the religion of science must be that founded by M. Comte; the Religion of Humanity, or Positivism.

"The purpose of the Positive Scheme," Mr. Harrison tells us,<sup>1</sup> "is to satisfy rational people that, though the ecstatic 'worship' of supernatural divinities has come to an end, intelligent love and respect for our human brotherhood will help us to do our duty in life. In plain words, the Religion of Humanity means recognizing your duty to your fellow-men on human grounds." The object of its cult is collective man—Humanity. "When we think of Humanity our minds are not set on a band of the 'elect,' but on the millions, who people the earth and subdue it, leaving each century on the whole a richer inheritance in comfort, in thought, in virtue."<sup>2</sup> The great end to be proposed to the religious mind is so to live as to help on the increase of this inheritance, and thus to make unborn ages somewhat better for each of us having lived. In this we find a motive-power sufficient to make us live well, a stimulus made more active when we cast a respectful glance at the more bright particular stars of our race, who have so lived in the Past—the Saints of the Positivist Calendar. "It is for this reason that M. Comte has insisted so much on the Past, and the religious value of a true conception of human civilization."<sup>3</sup> "Those who know the harmonious power with which Comte has called forth into life the vast procession of the ages, can best judge how weak by his side Mr. Spencer appears."<sup>4</sup>

Such, in outline, is Mr. Harrison's position. His statement has the merit of being perfectly clear and intelligible; but, alas! alas! the clearer he makes it, the more does it excite the scorn and contradiction of his philosophic friends: nay, they find in it every one of those fatal flaws which he has taught them to see in other systems, aggravated by not a few peculiar to itself.

Says Sir James Stephen,<sup>5</sup> "Is not Mr. Harrison's own creed open to every objection which he urges against Mr. Spencer's? Humanity, with a capital H, is neither better nor worse fitted to be a god, than the Unknowable, with a capital U. They are as much alike as six and half-a-dozen. Each is a barren abstraction to which any one may attach any meaning he likes. It seems to me that it is just as 'unknowable' as the Unknowable itself,

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* Sept. 1884, p. 369.    <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 372.

<sup>3</sup> P. 373.    <sup>4</sup> P. 367.    <sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* June, 1884, pp. 909—912.

and just as well and just as ill fitted to be an object of worship. But if Mr. Harrison's religion presents to the mind no object of worship, has it the smallest chance of being able to 'govern men and societies?' The Unknowable is certainly singularly ill-adapted for the functions of government, but Mr. Spencer never proposed to govern by it. Mr. Harrison does propose to govern. How does he mean to set about it? What will Positivism do with the vast mass of indifferent and worldly people? It can neither hang them nor damn them."

Mr. Spencer has a chapter of faults equally grave to urge against it. In the first place Positivism is essentially unphilosophic. It contradicts the law of evolution: it is a "Retrogressive Religion."<sup>1</sup> Its unphilosophic character is manifest in its absurd respect for authority. "Papal assumption is modest compared with the assumption of 'the founder of the Religion of Humanity.'"<sup>2</sup> Moreover, Mr. Spencer discovers in it precisely the same absurdity which Mr. Harrison found in Pantheism: it tries to blend contradictories in ranking equally amongst its saints, men who hated each other fiercely and each other's principles, and who set a diametrically opposite example to the world. Frederick the Great and St. Paul, Louis the Eleventh and Washington, Lock Cyrus and Fénelon, to say nothing of Hercules and Orpheus." Surprise is the feeling awakened in Mr. Spencer<sup>3</sup> on observing the incongruity between the astounding claims made by the propounder of this new creed, and the great intelligence of disciples whose faith appears proof against the shock which these astounding claims produce on ordinary minds."

Professor Huxley, too, fails to be impressed either with the creed or its founder. He acknowledges that he found M. Comte potent in destruction, but thus continues:<sup>4</sup> "Great, however, was my perplexity, not to say disappointment, as I followed the progress of this 'mighty son of earth' in his work of reconstruction. Undoubtedly *Dieu* disappeared, but the *Nouveau Grand-Etre Suprême*, a gigantic fetish, turned out bran-new by M. Comte's own hands, reigned in his stead. *Roi* also was not heard of, but in his place I found a minutely-defined social

<sup>1</sup> See article under this title, *Nineteenth Century*, July, 1884.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 11. To the list might be added such choice specimens as the following: Moses, Numa Pompilius, Mahomet, Godfrey de Bouillon, St. Bernard, Voltaire, St. Ignatius, Hobbes, Richelieu, and Heloise.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 10.

<sup>4</sup> *Lay Sermons*, p. 148.

organization, which, if it ever came into practice, would exert a despotic authority such as no Sultan has rivalled, and no Puritan presbytery, in its palmiest days, could hope to excel. While as for the *culte systématique de l'Humanité*, I, in my blindness, could not distinguish it from sheer Popery, with M. Comte in the chair of St. Peter, and most of the names of the saints changed."

Professor Huxley, moreover, does not seem to discern M. Comte's 'harmonious power,' but on the contrary, considers him a singularly unfortunate head for a scientific religion. He found in Comte's writings, he tells us,<sup>1</sup> "the veins of ore few and far between, and the rock so apt to run into mud, that one incurred the risk of being smothered in the working." Moreover,<sup>2</sup> "that part of M. Comte's writings which deals with the philosophy of physical science appeared to me to possess singularly little value, and to show that he had but the most superficial and merely second-hand knowledge of most branches. He was at once singularly devoid of real knowledge in these subjects, and singularly unlucky. I find therein little or nothing of any scientific value, and a great deal which is as thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science as anything in ultramontane Catholicism. In fact, M. Comte's philosophy in practice might be compendiously described as Catholicism *minus* Christianity."<sup>3</sup>

But it is for the object of devotion that the full vials of scorn are reserved. "The Great Being Humanity," says Mr. Spencer,<sup>4</sup> has done nothing for us, and how could it? Look at the common herd of unphilosophic men and see what a sorry lot they are. The northern farmer was clearly right: "Take my word for it, Sammy, the poor in the loomp is bad."<sup>5</sup> And even of the people who remain after leaving out the worse, "mostly fools," will evidently be the verdict of other sages than him of Chelsea. Humanity, in fact, declares Mr. Spencer,<sup>6</sup> is like nothing so much as a bubble floating on the great river of the Unknowable, and a Positivist would be fitly typified by a man who should look at the bubble and ignore the stream. "Even if, instead of being the dull leaden-hued thing it is, the bubble Humanity had reached that stage of iridescence of which, happily, a high sample of a man or a woman sometimes shows us a beginning, it would still owe whatever there was in it of beauty to that

<sup>1</sup> *Lay Sermons*, p. 147.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 154.

<sup>3</sup> P. 140.

<sup>4</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, July, 1884, p. 15.

<sup>5</sup> P. 23.

<sup>6</sup> P. 17.

Infinite Eternal Energy, out of which Humanity has quite recently emerged, and into which it must in course of time subside." "I am told," he continues,<sup>1</sup> "that by certain of M. Comte's disciples (though not by those Mr. Harrison represents), prayer is addressed to 'holy' Humanity. Had I to choose an epithet, I think 'holy' is about the last which would occur to me. So far from seeing in the Great Being Humanity anything worshipful, it seems to me that the contemplation of it is calculated to excite feelings which it is best to keep out of consciousness."<sup>2</sup>

Still less would the epithet 'holy' suggest itself to Mr. Justice Stephen. "Mankind," he exclaims,<sup>3</sup> "is the object of our worship—mankind; a stupid, ignorant, half-beast of a creature. For my part, I would as soon worship the ugliest idol in India."

Finally, we are assured that humanity is itself so little captivated by the invitation to its own worship, that a Positivist congregation may be compendiously described as "Three persons—and no God;" and if Mr. Harrison tells Mr. Spencer<sup>4</sup> that he has 'defecated religion to a true transparency,' Sir James Stephen responds<sup>5</sup> that 'Mr. Harrison's language about awe and gratitude to humanity (the mainspring of his religion), represents nothing at all except a yearning for some object of affection, like a childless woman's love for a lapdog.'

There is a game known to unphilosophic children as Blind-man's-Buff. In it all have the full use of their eyes, excepting him on whom for the moment devolves the office of seeking. Would it not rather appear as if the Fates in sportive mood, had turned the game of our philosophers into something of the kind? They are marvellously keen-sighted, none keener, so long as they have but to worry and harass the unfortunate groper after truth, and they never fail to find the exact right spot on which to pummel him. But the moment their own turn comes to set out on the quest, as if they had donned the fatal bandage they are inevitably delivered over helpless to their tormentors.

It would therefore seem that the result of our quest is not very brilliant, and that having gone out for wool we are likely to come home shorn to the quick, stripped not only of theology but of the comforts of philosophy as well. When Cadmus

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, p. 15.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* June, 1884, p. 917.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* June, 1884, p. 917. <sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* March 1884, p. 500. <sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* June, 1884, p. 911.



sowed the dragon's teeth the warriors who came up therefrom slaughtered each other pretty effectually, it is true, but there were five who survived and these sufficed to found Thebes. But of our *pentathlon* of rival systems, which would appear to exhaust the possibilities, can any one outlive the thrust of the poisoned rapier that we have seen pass from hand to hand in the course of the struggle? If these be indeed the clear thinkers we have been taught to take them for, is it not most disquieting to have a verdict of four to one against every single proposal that has been put forward? Must the verdict be, as in that "caucus race" witnessed by *Alice in Wonderland*, that every one has beaten every one else?

If any positive verdict be at all within our reach, it must certainly be arrived at by a process similar to that adopted by the Greeks when they wished to decide who had been the hero of Salamis. Each of the captains who had to vote put himself first, but they unanimously put Themistocles second. And in our inquiry it is to be observed that while none of the disputants will grant any status at all to any philosophic groundwork of religion, except his own peculiar vanity, they acknowledge that the old belief had after all some sort of merit. It was false to be sure, on that they are agreed, but it could and did to some extent, influence the lives of men; and was therefore far better for its purpose than the substitutes proposed by rival sages, which can never do anything of the kind.

Thus Professor Clifford, though as a rule anything connected with the name of God produces upon him much the same effect as we read of in the case of the young man "whom immediately the spirit troubled, and being thrown down he rolled about foaming," in a passage unusually plain and clear<sup>1</sup> "fully admits" that the theistic hypothesis is in itself "a reasonable hypothesis, and an explanation of the facts," which is a great deal more than he will say for "that singular materialism of high authority and recent date,"<sup>2</sup> which he appears to consider the only possible philosophical rival of his own creed. Mr. Spencer pronounces<sup>3</sup> that the "retrogressive" religion of Humanity falls below the creeds to which men had already developed their minds. Humanity is only another sort of a name for ghosts and goblins: but men had come to something far higher in "the conception of a spirit far transcending humanity."

<sup>1</sup> *Essays*, p. 388.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 328.

<sup>3</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, July, 1884, pp. 12, 13.

So Mr. Harrison for his part, sticking stoutly to his text that "the essence of religion is not to answer a question, but to govern and unite bodies of men,"<sup>1</sup> and while positively certain that neither the cultus of the Unknowable nor Cosmic Emotion will ever do this for one instant, yet acknowledges<sup>2</sup> that "theologies long did it," did it "for twenty or thirty centuries," and did it so well that<sup>3</sup> "the hallowed name of religion *has meant* in a thousand languages, man's deepest convictions, his surest hopes, the most sacred yearnings of his heart, that which can bind in brotherhood generations of men, comfort the fatherless and the widow, uphold the martyr at the stake, and the hero in his long battle." This is surely pretty well, and it would seem that on its own principles positivism should include in its objects of veneration the agent which has done all this for humanity, and exhibit to the world one more spectacle of the identity of contradictions, by the strange phenomenon of a religion worshipping its own rival. For undoubtedly theology has thus, by Mr. Harrison's showing, done a great deal more for mankind than any individual saint of the Positivist calendar. Its domain is already the irrevocable Past, while positivism aspires, and can aspire, to no more than the uncertain Future. More than that, Mr. Harrison would appear, *in seipsum saeviturus si desint alii*, to admit, in an unguarded moment, that his creed can never fill the place of the old belief. When declaiming against Mr. Spencer's Unknowable, and recounting all that it would have to do, in order to supply the void left in human needs by the destruction of faith, he emphatically tells us<sup>4</sup> that men demand something to *worship*. This cannot be the Unknowable: but he presently adds that neither is it Humanity. "We do not ask any one to worship Humanity." "Humanity is neither the shadow of God nor the substitute for God, nor has it any analogy with God."<sup>5</sup> Can he be serious, then, in proposing to make it take the place of God, and in expecting it to fill the void which he himself has so eloquently described, as the result of the disappearance of belief in God?

Sir James Stephen, for once, fully agrees with Mr. Harrison about Humanity. It certainly is not an object of worship, and therefore Sir James infers that no more than Cosmic Emotion

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1884, p. 497.    <sup>2</sup> P. 499.    <sup>3</sup> P. 504.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* March, 1884, p. 503.    *Vide Supra*, p. 11.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* Sept. 1884 p. 369.

or the cult of the Unknowable with it have the slightest chance of doing any sort of work at all. He does not, as we have heard, himself see the need of any religion at all, but he takes advantage of the "originality" of this position to assure all and sundry of his philosophic friends that if religion there is to be they will find none to work at all but Christianity.<sup>1</sup> It has worked so long, precisely because it differs in every essential respect from its proposed substitutes. Unlike the creeds of Mr. Spencer and Mr. Harrison it deals with the Personal not the Abstract, with the known not the Unknown. Jesus Christ, says he, has reigned so long "the object of passionate devotion and enthusiasm" to so great a multitude of all times and all lands, only because He has been believed to be living, and to possess authority, which His acts had proved to be Divine. All who set about to found a new religion, without providing themselves with some sort of credentials to the same affect, are foredoomed to failure, and Sir James points the moral by the well-known story of Talleyrand, who when consulted by a Frenchman as to the best mode of getting a new creed afloat, recommended him to try the effect of being crucified and rising again in three days.

The practical conclusions, then, to be gathered from this war of words, would seem to reduce themselves to two. Man requires a religion for a special work; and, this special work can as a matter of fact be done only by a theology. This is unquestionably a good deal to have learnt; and it at once suggests the question, If a belief in God can thus supply our wants, "is not that very divination of our needs in itself a proof that it is the supply of them?"<sup>2</sup>

At any rate, when we thus see theology stamped, at the hands of its bitterest enemies, with what looks so strangely like a note of truth, we must needs be thrown back on our starting-point, and ask ourselves whether it be not just possible that, after all, the walls are still standing, whereof this not altogether harmonious blare of trumpets has announced the overthrow.

And still confining our attention to the testimony of our advanced thinkers, without any addition of our own, it is, to say the least, instructive to observe, that while the work of destroying theology has been done by pure exercise of reasoning, and while our friends think a great deal on one another's reasoning power, so long as it is in agreement with themselves, they find no

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1884, p. 911.

<sup>2</sup> Newman, *Grammar of Assent*, p. 48.

absurdities too great for it to perpetrate, so soon as they begin to differ.

Mr. Spencer, for example, to whom, according to Mr. Harrison, belongs the chief credit of having cleared out Olympus, wins this praise by an essay, which, while in accordance with Mr. Harrison's views, is described,<sup>1</sup> as "packed with thought, to a degree unusual even with Mr. Herbert Spencer," as a "memorable essay," wherein the evolutionary creed is formulated "with a definiteness such as it never wore before," and theology receives a blow that is absolutely "final." But in the self-same essay, and indeed in that part of it which is its main purport, having the misfortune to disagree with Mr. Harrison, Mr. Spencer, we are assured, proceeds to fall into "a paradox as memorable as any in the annals of the human mind,"<sup>2</sup> to talk "a theologico-metaphysico jargon," and to take refuge from an awkward dilemma by a mere rhetorician's artifice.<sup>3</sup> His theory of the origin of religion is pronounced to be full of paradoxes, and Mr. Harrison frankly avows that he has always considered it the most unlucky of all Mr. Spencer's sociologic doctrines.<sup>4</sup> Moreover "a certain 'fallacy of the Den' runs through his historical notions;"<sup>5</sup> he even "hardly acts with the candid mind that befits the philosopher in all things;"<sup>6</sup> he falls into "the slip-slop of theologians;"<sup>7</sup> he asks us to take things as "proved" on the strength of "a pile of clippings made to order;"<sup>8</sup> if he does not think persistently along defined grooves, Mr. Harrison does not know what that process means;<sup>9</sup> he makes singular slips in logic;<sup>10</sup> he has fallen at various times into astounding paradoxes, which Mr. Harrison respects him too much to recall;<sup>11</sup> and finally he is warned,<sup>12</sup> great philosopher as he is, that "Philosophers who live not so much in glass houses as in very crystal-palaces of their own imagination, should give up the pastime of throwing stones at their neighbour's constructions."

It is undoubtedly very sad to find an apostle of the understanding doing all this sort of thing; but if we turn from Mr. Harrison's to Sir James Stephen's account of the matter, it looks no better. To him the evidence for Mr. Spencer's fundamental theory seems weak, and assuming the evidence the conclusion is not plain;<sup>13</sup> his argument appears to be an unmeaning play

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1884, p. 494.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 506.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 504.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* Sept. 1884, p. 362.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* p. 368.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* p. 365.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* p. 359.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.* p. 364.

<sup>9</sup> P. 363.

<sup>10</sup> P. 374.

<sup>11</sup> P. 366.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.* p. 366.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, June, 1884, p. 905.

of words;<sup>1</sup> he reminds Sir James of the blind heathen derided by Isaías, "He works his words about this way and that, he accounts with part for ghosts and dreams, and the residue thereof he maketh a god, and saith Aha, I am wise, I have seen the truth." In brief, though his work of negation is not to be gainsaid, the positive part appears to be unfounded, nay "baseless, and wholly unimportant."<sup>2</sup>

It is of course only to be expected that Mr. Harrison should, in his turn, hear some home truths from his candid friends. He also, according to Mr. Spencer, thinks persistently along defined grooves;<sup>3</sup> in fact, Mr. Spencer was the first in the field with this particular charge, and Mr. Harrison's counter-charge was of the nature of a *tu quoque*. Mr. Spencer likewise intimates that Comte and Mr. Harrison "commit intellectual suicide;"<sup>4</sup> than Mr. Harrison's performances in that line, misrepresentation can go no farther:<sup>5</sup> he is in an attitude of discipleship unfavourable to inquiry:<sup>6</sup> he exactly transforms the doctrine of opponents;<sup>7</sup> and his description of such doctrine is a fabric framed on his own imaginations.

As Mr. Spencer's strong point is metaphysics, so Mr. Harrison's is the science of man, which in his opinion affords a more solid foundation whereon to build, inasmuch as in the sublimer science "every philosopher falls from time to time into astounding paradoxes."<sup>8</sup> But, in his own field of predilection, Mr. Harrison appears to Sir James Stephen to assert a great deal more than he can possibly know:<sup>9</sup> even where they are in agreement Sir James intimates that Mr. Harrison is plainly speaking much beyond his brief; "it is," he sarcastically remarks, "doubly satisfactory to agree with a man so positive and well informed;" a man who knows, or at least affirms, "which he would hardly do unless he knew," that, in regard of times wholly pre-historic, one thing is true, "beyond all doubt," and "nothing is more certain than another," "not even," suggests our critic, "the multiplication table." While Mr. Harrison, who can generally be trusted to give as good as he gets, sets down Sir James' utterances about Humanity as "the ravings of Timon of Athens."

Finally, to explain in one word the vagaries of his antago-

<sup>1</sup> P. 907.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* July, 1884, p. 5.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* <sup>5</sup> P. 6.

<sup>6</sup> P. 8. <sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* Nov. 1884, p. 831.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.* Sept. 1884, p. 366.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.* June, 1884, p. 908

nists, Mr. Harrison tells us that they are "merely philosophers attacking an opponent."<sup>1</sup>

Just so! Philosophers attacking an opponent are evidently not to be trusted for philosophy. It would appear to be the part of wisdom not to take on faith, bitter opponents as they are, their own assertion that belief in God has received its death-blow at their hands. We must first examine their reasoning, and, which is far more, must make sure that we understand it. It may be that we shall fail to make head or tail of it; and should we be lucky enough to discover what it means, it is not impossible that we shall yet find in it some of those fatal flaws, which in one another's case they have shown us in such profusion.

In a word, to confine ourselves to what we have heard, does it not seem to ordinary common sense, that, on their own showing, our philosophic thinkers, who would find in mere human science an object to satisfy the heart of man, are engaged in a Danaid's task of filling sieves with water, a task at which all the wit of man may labour everlastingly in vain? Does it not appear that we may sum up the matter in the words of a thinker, at least as clear as any to whom we have been listening, when he speaks<sup>2</sup> of "the impatience I feel at able men daring to put out for our acceptance theories so hollow and absurd."

So speaks Cardinal Newman, and, surely, by his mouth, speaks common sense.

J. G.

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* Sept. 1884, p. 371.

<sup>2</sup> Cardinal Newman, *Letter to Mr. Wilfrid Ward* (*Clothes of Religion*, p. xix.)



*In Elsinore Churchyard.*

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"THE REST IS SILENCE."

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MAN'S life is but a little ash and dust  
Which the first idle wind doth seize upon  
And scatter utterly. Look you now here :—  
These graves and mounds,—the good Lord Hamlet once  
Did stand amongst them with Horatio,  
And moralized on Nature—Men and Things :—  
Said how that "Cæsar dead and turned to clay  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away ;"  
Here did he ponder on poor Yorick's skull,  
Bade painted Beauty look on Yorick's mouth—  
Now lipless all—and tremble at the glance.  
But where is Hamlet now ? where the dear friend  
That was to tell his tale, and justify  
His memory to men ? The King and Queen,  
Where they ? and where "the fair Ophelia ?"  
And hot Laertes !—

They have passed away :  
The sea-winds sigh about their lonely graves ;  
No human footstep comes to break the silence,  
No human voice here breathes a prayer for peace  
To these forgotten dead.—Only the Spring,  
More kind than human hearts, doth scatter flowers  
Upon them,—nodding bells, and violets,  
Gold crocuses, and modest fragrant thyme ;  
While, far below, from lips of breaking waves,  
Soft Requiems are whisper'd,—or in storm,  
The restless surges utter loud the cry  
Of Miserere to the angry sky.

EDWARD LAWLESS, S.J.

*Poisonous Literature and its Antidotes.*

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IT is not so many years ago since those—for there were a few—who tried to raise a cry about the danger of pernicious literature, were looked on as fanciful alarmists. It might be true that there was a good deal of bad literature amongst the low, immoral classes. That was to be expected; and people were not prepared to deny that in other countries—France and America for instance—there might be an alarming amount of laxity and licence in the use of immoral literature. But to speak of anything of this kind existing to a large extent, or being a *danger* amongst ourselves, was an exaggeration of Pessimists.

But this is no longer the case. Not only those whose work or interest is in the criminal or miserable classes, but those who spend their days in general society, come across things that are new and somewhat startling. The complaint is no longer attributed to Pessimists only; nor is it only whispered in private, but the matter has attracted public attention. It is now admitted that the evil is no longer confined to the vicious and abandoned classes, but that there is a tolerance of, and even a taste for, it to be discovered in "society." And society itself is beginning to be frightened. The subject is being taken up in public lectures, in letters and articles in the leading papers, and in Parliament. Mr. S. Smith was the first to bring forward a motion on the rapid spread of corrupt literature in this country. In the course of his speech, Mr. Smith said that—

To a large extent our Elementary Education Act had been a failure in totally failing to provide children with safeguards after they left school, protecting them from the innumerable temptations on every side, and among them he placed foul and licentious literature. This class of literature permeated everywhere. There was a system under which it penetrated into all the schools of the country. Amongst other facts he mentioned that one English publisher had publicly boasted that his house had been the means of translating and selling more than a

million copies of the worst class of French novels, and that he had a sale of one thousand a week of the writings of Zola, faithfully translated into English.

Mr. Smith's motion was carried, his statements having, according to the *Times*, "produced a strong impression on the House." And the *Times* itself, commenting upon it, spoke of "the necessity of increasing and organizing private effort for the abatement of a *deplorable social plague*."

The Lord Chancellor presided at a meeting in the Town Hall at Oxford, in which, speaking on the subject of the increase of impure literature, he referred to Mr. S. Smith's deep interest in the question, and to a letter that he had recently written

On the subject of the immoral works that were already in circulation and others that were coming from Paris. There was no doubt that there was a larger consumption in this year of grace of putrid filth by the British people than had ever been the case since the British people became a nation. They had taught their children to read in order, apparently, to familiarize them with every conceivable form of human wickedness. This was the testimony of a gentleman who certainly desired to ascertain the truth and had every means to do so. . . . They knew that the sort of garbage described by Mr. Smith would not find entrance into any decent family, but books attacking the institution of marriage, which were more mischievous because more insidious, were seen on drawing-room tables. What struck him as most remarkable was the extraordinary and inconceivable ignorance of the critics on these subjects. In conclusion his lordship urged the importance of the diffusion of the Bible and pure literature.

Subsequently the subject was again brought before the House with reference to legal steps being taken against the open sale of impure literature. Referring to this and to Lord Mount Temple's efforts in the matter, the *Times* says:

We are, of course, aware that Lord Mount Temple has in view a sort of literature, if it can be so called, of a far viler and more corrupting kind even than serial tales of burglary. Publications that come under the existing laws against obscene literature are in most cases designed for tastes that are already depraved, and they have to be artificially brought to the notice of those who have not yet formed the appetite for such garbage. The worst kind of obscene books, as will be seen by a reference to the second-hand catalogues of which we spoke in a former article, bears a price so high that it shows that the books are bought by those who know very well what is in them, and are prepared to pay largely for it. . . . But it is a lamentable fact that there are men so vile that for the sake of gain they will adopt every expedient to force their

deadly wares upon the young and innocent. The facts which were recently stated in the House of Commons are so horrible as to be almost incredible, but we fear there is no doubt as to their substantial truth. It is, however, for those who administer, rather than for those who make, the laws to deal with these developments of infamy. As we said before, the duty of the public is to impel the police and magistrates to adopt the necessary measures, and to support them by not shrinking from giving information. It may be an unpleasant task, and one not wholly free from danger, but it is the only means of effectively suppressing an evil which is at all times threatening, and for calling public attention to which we are very grateful to Lord Mount Temple and those who are working with him.

But the danger of the literature of the day is not limited to its immoral tendencies. Would that it were so! Those who have not lost religious belief look upon it as a further and still greater evil in no small amount of current literature that it attacks religion, derides the principle of authority, and encourages an independent spirit and free licence for every one to think and do, like the people of Israel, "whatever is right in his own eyes." It is not, either, as if questions of religious belief were discussed seriously and soberly in this kind of literature. It is treated by "Artisan Atheism" as if unworthy of credit, and with a tone of contempt and ridicule, as if in doing this men were doing a fine thing and showing their superiority to childish ideas. The infidel or irreligious spirit created by this literature has, of course, a powerful influence on immoral tendencies, aiding in setting them free from the only restraints that are sufficient to control them.

Such being the nature of the poisonous effects of pernicious literature, we would next call attention to that which gives to it special power and influence in our own day, and at the same time renders it difficult to counteract. This is the fact of the great and growing taste at the present for sensational reading, and distaste for anything else. Sir Theodore Martin gave an interesting lecture in August last at Llangollen on the subject of Public Libraries, and in it he noticed the change that has come over society in this respect. The *Times* in drawing attention to this lecture remarks that—

The modern love of novel-reading is natural. The comparative universality of the determination to take literary enjoyment and relaxation in no other shape is a phenomenon. It is a phenomenon peculiar

to the present age. Former generations, it may be said, had for the most part little option. Romances, though they existed and circulated, were not at everybody's disposal. They were of a price and bulk to suit few but people of leisure and wealth. The same explanation scarcely applies to the one or two generations immediately preceding the present. Fifty years back, and before, the public had novels in plenty to read, and read them. It read them for recreation; and it read much for recreation besides. Until the current age it never seems to have occurred to a person looking about for an entertaining book that none but a story could serve his turn. Often he was in the mood for poetry, and laid his hand upon *Childe Harold* more eagerly than upon *Kenilworth*. He would take up Wordsworth in preference to *Pelham*. Frequently his feeling of the moment was for a book of travels, or for an essay on life and society. Now and again he would actually bury himself for pleasure in a philosophic dissertation. . . Men and women, escaped from "the toils and worries of home," and believing themselves "entitled to a feast of matured literary sweets," did not think as now that none could be sweets but prose romance. Now, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they do think it, and the fact is very curious. Not one out of a hundred, if he or she be a free agent, without tyrannical father or husband, holding views on improving literature, will consent to look at aught but a novel.

The fact is strange, and to be regretted also. It is to be accounted for by the discovery, now thoroughly made and appreciated, that romance, though there may be an occasional exception, does more of the taskwork of thought and feeling for the reader than any other form of literature, and exacts less initiative. A reader, in order to be diverted, merely has to surrender himself; and such sort of self-abnegation is easy for all ranks of intelligence. This is the melancholy feature in the extraordinary and despotic monopoly of the domain of entertaining literature attained in the present age by the literature of romance.

#### After dilating on the fact of this

Unbounded extension of this fondness of romance among all classes of the English-speaking world, the writer points out that the sway which this single branch of literature exercises could never have been arrived at, and could not be preserved, unless its professors had, as a body, gained a proficiency in their art to which only exceptional genius pretended a generation since. Thirty years ago a dozen years would not have produced enough readable novels to satisfy the appetite of a modern holiday novel-reader. Demand and supply have increased together, and the average quality is surprisingly good. Yet more happily the moral average remains for the native product commendably high.

Yet he warns us that—

Symptoms have evinced themselves recently that, if care and resolution be not exerted, that may not continue to be a lasting trait of the English novel-reader's library. Sir Theodore Martin had ground for his warning against the admission into any public collection of "works of extravagant and debasing fiction composed to gratify perverted appetites revelling in the portrayal of all that makes human nature unlovely and ignoble." It is at once necessary, as Sir Theodore Martin intimates, and most deplorable that it should be necessary, to invoke the aid of law for the suppression of an open trade in pernicious trash. The question was of minor concern in days when Mrs. Aphra Behn wrote for her insignificant circle of readers. Now it is one of the purity of the literary food of millions.

Nor is this all. The *Guardian*, which represents the views of the largest class of those who, without being Catholics, are earnest in support of religion, notices the special danger to religious belief as well as moral purity, to which readers of works of fiction are now exposed. Commenting on a very able article in the *Quarterly Review* on *Robert Elsmere*, it says :

It is too late in the day to protest against the discussion of the deepest religious questions in works of fiction. Novel writers have taken possession of all other fields of human interest, and we cannot wonder or complain at their appropriation of religious controversy. On both sides of the great conflict between belief and unbelief, fiction has been employed to illustrate and enforce the arguments of the rival forces. No one, therefore, would have a right to find fault with Mrs. Humphrey Ward for making her novel the means of appealing to clergymen to forsake the Church, and to set up a religion which, as Mrs. Ward herself has described it at considerable length, we may be excused from analyzing. The real *gravamen* against Mrs. Ward is that under cover of her fictitious narrative, and by a prudent use of the omissions and allusions which are the lawful stock-in-trade of a novelist, she has insinuated rather than proved anything against Christianity, and has earned the reputation of a successful controversialist by ignoring the very points on which the controversy turns. This is shown in a remarkable article in the *Quarterly Review* in which *Robert Elsmere* is thought of sufficient importance to have a separate notice and a grave refutation. The reviewer, with perhaps more impatience than the occasion quite warrants, is specially vexed with Mrs. Ward for having adopted as her weapons against Christianity views which, however plausible they may have seemed in Germany fifty years ago, are now simply "exploded fallacies." It is, however, hardly to be expected that a lady whose main occupations are untheological, should



keep pace with the bewilderingly rapid developments of German criticism, and Mrs. Ward is, after all, not so far behind the times as are other prominent though less cultivated anti-Christian writers, who seem to fancy that Voltaire and Tom Paine have said the last word in the controversy. But none the less, all this show of learning, this impressive reference to shadowy authorities, this vivid delineation of an imaginary leviathan of criticism must powerfully influence readers to whom the whole subject is almost unknown.

To sober-minded, and earnest men, it is exceedingly deplorable that questions of religion and its reality should be brought before the general public in the literature of amusement, to be read by any one who is inclined to speculate on them, and encouraging them to sit in judgment on the value of objections and difficulties which they are mostly incompetent to understand. And more deplorable still, that this literature, which does the work not only of entertaining but in great measure of instructing our young people, should now be so almost entirely a matter of trade, which encourages the production and diffusion of whatever will sell. If books that are exciting and sensational on matters of social morality or what most panders to the spirit of independence in questions of religion will take best with the public, then books of great and varied interest of this kind must in the interests of trade be more largely produced and widely disseminated.

And now, after considering what is being said among thinking people in the world on so serious a "situation," it will be interesting to learn what is proposed by way of remedy or, at least, amelioration.

When attention was first called to the matter in Parliament, it seemed to have been with the view of obtaining measures for putting down the publication of bad literature by law. But the answer made in and out of the House was the same: that laws made for this purpose were already on the Statute Book, but they were only available for what is distinctly filthy and immoral. The *Times* remarked that "law can do something to forbid positive outrages. Its province is limited. The danger of corruption is worse where, from the polish of form and the absence of grovelling depravity, the reader is not obliged to be ashamed of his volume."

Since then, the law has been put into operation against the publisher of the translations of Zola's novels. But though it is of great use to check the circulation of literature that is

undisguisedly immoral, yet some of the weightiest authorities that have spoken on the subject doubt the advisability of much interference, on the double ground that it would be difficult to obtain conviction for anything that was not patently bad and obtrusively put forward, and that a failure in convicting would be very mischievous, and also that open proceedings against bad literature might have the effect of calling public attention to it and thus increasing the evil it was intended to remedy. Hence the remedies proposed are of a different kind.

The only remedy proposed in the House was by Mr. Mundella, who advocates the establishment of Free Libraries in all our towns as the real antidote—believing that putting good and wholesome literature before the people would lead them to take care of themselves, that if they were left to select their own literature without restriction they would choose that which was improving and elevating and reject what was bad. But Mr. Mundella seems to forget that there is no provision for the selection of good and wholesome literature in Free Libraries, and since the bulk of current literature is trashy and misleading, what reasonable hope is there of people, especially young people, avoiding what is dangerous? It is supposing them to possess a literary knowledge and taste and conscience which is not commonly found. Whereas the attraction is to the sensational reading of the day.

But while Mr. Mundella stands alone, as far as we know, in having so great a reliance on the goodness of human nature if left to itself, as to suppose that people, if amply supplied with literature, will take care of themselves, yet all who have treated of this subject agree with him in believing that the great remedy for bad reading is good reading.

Sir Theodore Martin's specific [says the *Times*] is the only safe one. The antidote to the poison of vicious literature is the cultivation of a taste for literature combining the properties of greatness, attractiveness, and innocence. Though it would be an exaggeration to assert that a mind trained to see the perfection of the art and the goodness of Shakespeare and Milton, of Dickens and Thackeray, will never condescend to feed on foreign garbage, there is no better prophylactic against the sensation of a craving for it.

The *Guardian* commenting on a letter of Lord Mount Temple's on the subject agrees with this.

The problem before us is, to a great extent, how to satisfy the irrepressible desire for interesting literature which springs up in every

class to which education has extended. If it is not satisfied in one way it will be satisfied in another. There is, on the whole, a healthy tendency in good literature to drive out bad; but if good literature of a certain kind does not exist, the bad will flourish and multiply. Education now extends to classes that have hitherto known little of literature, and has created among them a demand which, so far, has hardly been met by a corresponding supply. Young people, therefore, fresh from school are in very much the same position as our grandfathers before the Wizard of the North had thrown his spell over them. We are glad to see signs that the supremacy of the demoralizing is not likely to continue unchallenged. As most of our readers know, efforts have for some time been made to produce pure and cheap novels and tales such as boys and girls will read. The Christian Knowledge Society has done some work in this direction, but it should be much more thorough-going, it should cater for the largest possible number, and it should assume the forms which experience shows that the greatest number expects. Many of the worst kind of stories are published in serials, which run almost interminably from week to week. Scenes from the life of a notorious burglar, for instance, seem, if we may judge from the advertisement posters, to be more voluminous than the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* put together. The purveyors of pure literature must not shrink from copying the methods of their rivals. It is well known that even in France the journal whose circulation far outstrips that of any other, has rigidly excluded all questionable matter from its pages.

And again :

The appetite for stirring and exciting stories is too strong to be resisted and it is very mischievous to make readers of such stories think that they are indulging in a contraband and pernicious taste. It is far better to accept the fact, and to meet it, not by indiscriminately proscribing exciting novels, but by providing for the taste by a supply of stirring yet wholesome tales. Few things in the history of all literature are more striking than the immense revolution that was accomplished by the Waverley novels.

This as regards immoral literature. As regards what is dangerous to religious belief the *Guardian* writes :

And with regard to books and society generally, it is absurd to talk of fences and holding aloof. It is not by closing eyes and ears to what is passing around us that the victory over the forces of scepticism is to be gained; it is by confronting them with a fuller knowledge and stronger reasoning powers. It is hopeless to think of banishing books as well as persons, newspapers as well as agnostic companions. What we can do is to supply the antidote, to adapt our religious teaching to the modern conditions of the controversy, to see to it that the faith

imparted by us to our children is well grounded, to shrink from no toil that the figure of our Master may stand forth undimmed and undistorted, and that in Him they may learn to see the one adequate and undying justification of their religious belief.

All seem agreed that the great remedy is the antidote of good literature against bad, but here comes the real point of the difficulty—how to secure that the antidote shall be made use of.

The *Guardian* hints at the necessity of supplementing this remedy by the use of private effort and influence. Without this it sees that the antidote runs the risk of not being applied. It sees that the *Quarterly Review's* suggestion of drawing a fence round the Christian world to keep out what is noxious is impracticable, but it adds: "The Universities are not yet wholly in the hands of agnostics, and parents, by exercising a little caution, may still put their sons under the charge of Christian teachers, even if the sceptics were always eager, as they certainly are not, to undermine their pupils' faith."

In reference to Mr. S. Smith's motion in Parliament, the *Times* observes that "the evil can perhaps be better dealt with by private effort than by any more public agency, and yesterday's discussion may do much good by directing attention to the necessity of increasing and organizing private efforts for the abatement of a *deplorable social plague*."

Such is the "situation" as regards pernicious literature in the world outside, and such the means proposed to remedy the mischief. Let us now turn to consider our own position in regard to it, and what better prospects we possess for withstanding or counteracting the evil.

And here we observe, first of all, that if we set aside for the moment the case of the young people in our schools, the mischief of the production and dissemination of pernicious literature exists as much for us as for others. It is within the reach of our people, equally with others, whether in the papers, magazines and serials, or in the books that are bought in shops and railway stations, or offered for use in Lending Libraries.

It might be, however, that this literature, though equally within the reach of our people, is not accepted by them, that they are so much on their guard against it and so cautious in seeking advice and direction about it that, like the three children

at Babylon, they walk unharmed in the midst of the fire. Is this the attitude of our people, especially of our young people, and of those who like them have little experience of the world? We fear not—not sufficiently at least to take away anxiety about them. Those who have given attention to this point, are heard to deplore, as Mr. S. Smith did, the miserable effects of debasing literature on our children when they have left school and enter into situations or mix with the world. Others, very competent to form a judgment, say that our people are rather behind others, on the whole, in a taste for good literature and solid reading, and that there are some who read little else than what is called goody-goody books, while those who are not satisfied with these launch out recklessly into reading anything they come across, sharing in the spirit of the day that leads to independence, impatience of control and a determination to read and know whatever others do and to judge for themselves.

What is the true state of the case? There will be different opinions according to what each one has experienced. We only say that there are too many anxious apprehensions on the part of serious observers to allow us to think that our people are at present in a condition to bear exposure to the dangers of existing current literature. It cannot easily be ascertained or settled how far others are, or are not, in an attitude of caution and defence against the insidious dangers of pernicious literature, but it is a very practical question about ourselves in particular and those who belong to us, how far *we* are in such an attitude.

What then can we rely on as a remedy for the serious danger to which our people, equally with others, are exposed? What are our views as Catholics on the subject?

All would be agreed we suppose first, that it is out of our power, any more than others, to check the production and dissemination of literature dangerous to morality and to faith, nor can we, speaking generally, keep it out of reach of our people if they determine to get it.

Also we should doubtless agree in having no belief in this remedy lying in Free Libraries, as they exist at present without any practical control over the books that are admitted, or the readers getting at them. In most cases it would seem that such libraries simply give additional facilities for exposure to the very dangers we desire to counteract. Catholics do not believe in the efficacy of indiscriminate reading, and their views are

dead against Lord Palmerston's doctrine of the goodness of human nature if left to itself.

There seems, however, to be no reason why we should disagree with the conclusion arrived at by all the most distinguished persons who have spoken on this subject, that the most efficacious antidote to bad literature is good literature, and the great thing to be done is to secure the production of good literature, equally attractive, if possible, with what is bad, to excite an interest in, and taste for, good literature, as this has happily a tendency, as a great authority has said, to lead to a distaste and disgust for what is bad, and to drive it out.

But at this point arises the one great difficulty with us as with others. It is all very well to talk of good literature being the antidote; but how can we get people to take the antidote? Here, however, we are in a considerably better condition than others. Though we cannot, any more than others, stop the production or dissemination of bad literature, yet we have in the authority and influence of the clergy power to do more than others in awakening the consciences of our people to the sin of reading books contrary to faith or morals. The Church has never ceased to teach that to do so is sinful, and where the clergy are alive to the danger, they can preach and warn from the pulpit, and admonish those who come under their direction in the confessional. Our people are not quite so impatient of control, or disregardful of authority as others.

But combined with such advice and warning, everything possible should be done to suggest and to supply the substitute for what is bad through Libraries and Book Clubs of selected literature, and through facilitating supplies of the best magazines, papers, and books. People are much more easily and pleasantly led by being shown what they may do than by being warned off from what they may not do. Many are not unwillingly persuaded to read a book that is recommended to them and put into their hands. We need in this matter, not only to appeal to the conscience, but at the same time to seek to direct the judgment and to correct the taste, and to be on our guard against aiming at doing too much, since we have no chance of competing with the sensational literature of the day, except by really interesting books with some "go" in them. Mere safe stories and pious reading will not do.

So far as regards adults. While, however, we have it not in our power to command success in restraining our people from the



use of dangerous literature when once they have entered into the world and are masters of themselves, yet the case is very different as regards the young. With them it is in our power to do a great deal. So long as the young remain under the care and direction of those who are educating them, they can only read what they can get to read. They can not only be restrained from reading what is pernicious, but they can be guided and interested in what they should read. Moreover, they are not unwilling to be led in this matter. There have been some extensive and careful experiments made on what authors and books are most popular with young people, and the result has brought out what might have been anticipated, that they have not for the most part any fixed ideas of their own on the subject, but are most interested in the books that they have been led to feel an interest in. When their attention has been called to a book they have read it with avidity, and thought well over it. Young readers are specially interested in books that are illustrated, and in those that are on a level with their own ideas, and they are eager for a continued supply of something fresh. How the books of our childhood live in our memory! Not because they were always first-rate books of their kind, but because they were our first prize or gift-books, or written on subjects made interesting to us by parents or teachers. A thoughtful nun who directs the studies of an important convent told the present writer that her plan was to be most particular about the books that the youngest children had, in order that their earliest ideas might be true, real, and pure, but that as they went on in their course, she relaxed the strictness of her rule, so that the elder girls might get gradually accustomed to read books which were well known, and which others read, and which it was safer they should read while still under guidance, than take up from others afterwards. A very wise and saintly lady of the highest position in society, now deceased, but who in her lifetime took special interest in this question, as one of great practical importance, declared that while her own inclination was to be exceedingly strict in excluding everything from her family that had the least breath of what was suspicious about it, yet she had come to see that there was at the same time a danger ahead that must be provided for. Certainly it is a perilous thing for young people to come forth into life without any formed taste about reading, but with an idea that they have hitherto been cut off from what is interesting and

exciting, and that now they will have it. Is it not better ourselves to put into their hands abundant specimens of what is without offence, yet as full of absorbing interest as that which the world offers? to take special pains to form in their minds a taste for the best reading? Mere sensational literature, though exciting at first, palls on the appetite, but interest in good reading grows with use and with years. And as the cultivated ear is disturbed by bad music, as the educated eye is dissatisfied with that which is lacking in beauty of form or colour, so a taste once acquired for literature that, however simple, is sweet, wholesome, and elevating, will not readily descend to what is coarse and repulsive.

Nor must we leave out of account, in taking stock of our resources against bad literature, that this power, both of restraint and of guidance over the reading of the young is not confined to the case of those who are living in colleges and convent schools. The system can in their case be most perfectly and systematically carried out, but a very great deal can also be done with the young people in our day and with elementary schools. So far at least as they get their reading from the school library they can be both restrained from what is pernicious and directed to what is wholesome. The establishment of school libraries is now happily becoming more common; its existence is noted in the Inspector's yearly Report, and not only the teachers and managers of the school, but others who are disposed to do a good work, can do a *very* good work by presiding over the working of the library either on a week day or after Sunday school, by seeing to the supply of the right sort of books and serials, and interesting the children by advising and recommending books, and reading some passages out of them with remarks and explanations. This is no mere speculative theory. The writer has been witness of how much can be done by a weekly distribution of good literature in this way. It is a practical solution, in schools of this kind at least, of how to supplant bad literature with good. Nor is it without use, though not nearly so effective, to procure that a Repository of good literature should be established; but it is found very difficult to maintain these Repositories, the profits being very small, and where our young people can afford to buy books they are tempted to buy the cheaper and more sensational literature which is brought everywhere under their eyes.

Lastly, we pre-eminently hold in our hands an antidote against the poison of immoral and infidel literature which it is in our power to give to the young. As we make use of all sorts of specifics and sanitary regulations and laws against adulterations to defend ourselves from the poisons to which we are everywhere liable to be exposed, yet there is after all nothing so efficacious as the physical health and strength of body which enables it to repel and cast off what is noxious, so in like manner, a vigorous healthy condition of the soul can do more than all external precautions and safeguards to defend itself against the dangers of poisonous literature. Those who are strong and vigorous through a thorough education in religious knowledge and a good course of moral training are best equipped to encounter dangers of this sort. They possess in themselves a standard by which they can measure the worth of the arguments, and the meaning of suggestions contained in the literature of the day. Nor will they let themselves be carried away by them. They are thus able to take care of themselves. A complete and intelligent knowledge of religion and a clear and enlightened conscience are the best antidotes against present dangers, and are all the more valuable, because they are still available, when the guidance and protection of others can no longer be counted on. Now we Catholics are in a far more favourable position than others for equipping our young people with this panoply, since it is a part of our very theory and system thus to prepare the young Christian soldier for his encounter with the world. We have but steadily to carry out the great principle of Catholic education, so that, however numerous and pressing may be the demands for an advanced and complete knowledge in all the varied branches of present learning, those who have the blessing of passing through the hands of our Catholic teachers may have *seen* that the knowledge of God and our duty to Him was ever that which was treated as first and greatest among the subjects of their course, and may have *felt* and experienced that in their school course the preparation for present examinations and future success in the world was treated as matter of far less exigence than the careful training of the young Christian soldier for winning the way to life eternal.

J. G. WENHAM.

*Father Malagrida, S.J.*

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*Multe tribulationes Justorum.*

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HERO-WORSHIP is somewhat the fashion in Italy now, and numerous are the monuments and memorial inscriptions which have of late years appeared in honour of men for the most part little deserving of grateful remembrance, much less of public homage. In one instance, however, it is to no unworthy subject that such tribute has been paid, tardy justice having erected in the small town of Menaggio, on the Lake of Como, a modest monument to the memory of Father Malagrida, S.J., a native of that place, the circumstances of whose life and death, though of no ordinary character, are not very widely known.

That a Catholic priest, a member of the Society of Jesus, should at so comparatively recent a date as the year 1761, have been publicly strangled and his body burnt in the capital of a Christian country, is in itself a statement sufficiently startling to arrest our attention and awaken our interest. And when we are furthermore informed that the martyr was not sacrificed to the blind fury of a fanatical mob, but was officially condemned to a cruel and ignominious death by the Prime Minister of a Catholic Government; nay more, that although he enjoyed a high reputation for sanctity and virtue, his sentence was authorized, if not sanctioned, by the judgment passed on him by the Holy Office of the Inquisition, we feel inclined to refuse credence to assertions so strange and contradictory. Incredible as they may appear, they are nevertheless true; the indisputable fact remains that the Jesuit in question, whose successful labours as a missionary in South America had won for him the title of the Apostle of Brazil, suffered death at Lisbon in the manner and at the time we have mentioned. Only within the last year or two has an explanation been published of circumstances seemingly irreconcilable; historical research, from which the Catholic Church has nothing to fear and everything to gain, has been instrumental in disclosing the intrigues and false accusations employed

by the enemies of religion in order to procure the conviction and condemnation of Father Malagrida for crimes of which he was perfectly innocent ; in exhibiting his character and virtues in their true light, and thus clearing his memory from the clouds of obloquy, misconception, and error wherein it has hitherto been shrouded. For although immediately after his death, the voice of more than one of his fellow-religious was raised in his justification, attesting his orthodoxy and protesting against the unjust nature of his sentence, yet the calumnies industriously propagated by his enemies gained widespread belief, so much so indeed, that in the majority of histories and biographical dictionaries one finds his name branded as that of a regicide and heretic, or at any rate of an impostor, fanatic, or madman.

It was,<sup>1</sup> as has been said, amid the picturesque scenery of the Lake of Como that Gabriel Malagrida, in 1689, first saw the light of day. Of his childhood and youth there is little to record ; his parents were persons of good position and great piety, who brought up their children in the fear and love of God. From an early age the boy evinced great interest in everything connected with religion ; his extreme gentleness of disposition, his grave demeanour and love of study appearing to mark him as destined for the ecclesiastical state, to which, in fact, his aspirations were directed. At the close of his theological studies, which he made at Milan, he felt himself called to follow the evangelical counsels, and, at the age of twenty-two, entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Genoa. As a novice he was most edifying, so much so that he was held up as a model to his companions ; and when raised to the priesthood, he gave abundant proof of the thirst for the salvation of souls which characterizes the true apostle of Jesus Christ. Not satisfied with the sphere that Italy afforded for the exercise of his zeal, he craved for a wider field and more arduous labours, his greatest ambition being to devote himself to the evangelization of the heathen in the New World, with the distant hope that he might be counted worthy to lay down his life for the cause of God. His desire was destined to be fulfilled, the martyr's palm was to be granted him, but after a manner and under circumstances of which he little dreamt ; not to all appearance as the reward of long and faithful service beneath the banner of Christ, but under the guise of a penalty inflicted on one who had deserted his colours and proved faithless to his Master.

<sup>1</sup> See *Civiltà Cattolica*, 1888. nn, 901, 904, 906.

After repeated intreaties, he obtained leave to join the missions of Brazil; quitting Corsica, where he had been engaged in teaching classics to the novices, he proceeded to Lisbon, where he embarked for San Luiz. After a long and tedious voyage, he arrived towards the end of 1721 at that port, the chief town of the province. For more than thirty years Father Malagrida laboured unceasingly and indefatigably in Brazil, at that time a Portuguese colony, consisting for the most part of extensive tracts of uncivilized, and as yet almost unexplored country. One after another the vast provinces into which the Portuguese dominions were divided became the scene of his apostolic exertions; from the large and populous towns of the sea-coast, inhabited by Europeans, he journeyed to the dark forests of the interior, penetrating far into their depths in search of the lonely Indian whose tent was pitched by some swiftly-flowing stream, or the wandering tribe retreating further and further from the dwellings of the hated invader. No class of persons was excluded from his all-embracing charity; Christians and idolaters, white men and black, mulattoes of every shade of colour, masters and slaves, colonists and natives, in each and all of these he saw souls to be won, and amongst them all his efforts met with astonishing success. Whether he exercised his sacred ministry in the cities, taught the scholastics in the Jesuit College of San Luiz, or preached the Gospel to savages, everywhere the revival of religion, the increase of devotion, the conversion of sinners, rewarded his labours. Joyfully did he encounter the hardships and privations awaiting him when visiting the islands of the West Indies, where cannibalism and fetich-worship held sway, or when plunging into the interior of the continent, where bitter enmity to the European conquerors prevailed. Alone and on foot, without a guide or means of defence, carrying with him little else than his breviary and a staff, he journeyed over arid plains and through tangled thickets, his bare feet bleeding at every step, exposed to the burning sun and sudden storms of the tropics, to the attacks of wild beasts and the bite of venomous snakes, endeavouring to propitiate the wild inhabitants, to learn their language, to overcome their hostility, so that he might speak to them of God, teach them the truths of religion, and induce them to be baptized and lead a Christian life.

On one occasion the martyr's palm seemed almost within his grasp. Trusting to delusive promises of amity, he had repaired,



accompanied by several converts, to the camp of a neighbouring tribe, when suddenly he was surrounded, seized, and dragged before the chief. His companions were massacred before his eyes, and he himself condemned to death. Already the executioner, bedaubed with paint, and adorned with feathers, danced round him, swinging an axe above his head, and uttering hideous cries. Father Malagrida resigned his soul into the hands of God, expecting every moment the fatal blow, when an ancient beldame arose: "Hold," she exclaimed, "woe betide thee if thou darest to slay the messenger of the Great Spirit, for an awful death will await thee. I remember the fate of him who killed the first Black-robe who came hither, he was eaten of worms, and expired in the utmost agony!" Turning to the chieftain, she bade him at once dismiss unharmed the white man, whose death would be attended with calamities to his people. Father Malagrida was accordingly taken down to the river, thrust into a canoe, and abandoned to the mercy of the stream. He barely escaped with his life, for it was three days before the current carried him to the territory of a friendly tribe, and during that time not a morsel of food passed his lips.

But the privations and fatigues of the Apostolate did not suffice to slake the thirst for suffering wherewith the servant of God was consumed. His austerities and penances, offered for the salvation of sinners, were excessively severe, and even when he was on his journeys he did not relax aught of their rigour. It is related of him that he wore continually a hair-shirt studded with sharp points, scourged his emaciated body twice daily with a discipline formed of links of iron, observed a perpetual and rigid fast, and at night took but a few hours' repose, sleeping on the bare ground.

One of Father Malagrida's fellow-missioners, and his subsequent biographer, gives the following description of his person. He was a man of average height, of quiet, dignified bearing, rather pale in complexion, except when he spoke of the things of God; then the colour came into his cheeks, his countenance lighted up, his eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy. His features were regular, his hair was fair, and what rendered his appearance somewhat singular, his beard was perfectly white. Upon a friend remarking to him how strange it was to see the beard thus turn white before the hair of the head began to change colour, "That happened," Father Malagrida replied, "when I was about forty-five. I was walking through a dense forest,

when a soul in Purgatory appeared to me, and entreated me to pray for it, begging me not to desist from my supplications until my beard had become white. I prayed fervently for the deliverance of that soul, and a short time after, to my great surprise, my beard suddenly became white as snow. I felt sure that the soul was in Heaven, and my prayers were changed into thanksgivings."

It will hardly be considered surprising that throughout the whole of Brazil, this true Apostle acquired a high reputation for sanctity. When he preached in the towns, so great were the crowds that assembled to hear him, that no church was sufficiently spacious to contain them, and he was obliged to deliver his discourse in the open air. Ever and anon, from their far-off homes, Indians who had heard of his fame, or been converted by his ministry, would come singly, or in groups, merely for the purpose of looking upon the countenance of the holy man and receiving his blessing. And when on his excursions he went from village to village, or from town to town, it might be said of him, as of his Divine Master, that the multitudes followed him, so vast were the numbers who attended his steps, unable to resist the fascination of his presence, eager to hear his words. The Bishops, too, of the various provinces vied with each other in testifying their respect and esteem for him, one after another entreating that he might be sent to hold missions in their respective dioceses. And the Father General was heard to say that of all the missionaries of the Society not one was to be compared to Father Malagrida; an eulogium of no slight value, seeing how many zealous Jesuits were at that time labouring successfully at the work of evangelization in every part of the world.

But the marvellous results produced by the preaching of this holy man, the austerity of his life, and the universal esteem in which he was held, would not be enough to establish his claim to extraordinary sanctity, had it not pleased God to attest it by various supernatural proofs. Many times whilst preaching, Father Malagrida was seen to be surrounded by a halo of celestial splendour, rays of light proceeding not only from his countenance, but from his whole person. Sometimes, to overcome the obduracy of sinners, he would hold his hand in the flame of a taper without experiencing the slightest injury. Sick persons, whose lives were despaired of, were frequently restored in a moment to health, on touching something that

belonged to him, or on his hand being laid on them. At his simple word of command devils came out of possessed persons, even such as had resisted the attempts of exorcists to expel them. The forces of nature, too, were subject to him; it is related that on one occasion when he was preaching to a large audience on an open plain, a hurricane suddenly sprang up, bringing masses of heavy clouds, which hanging over the heads of the people, threatened every instant to discharge a deluge of rain. The assembled multitude, about to disperse in search of shelter, were checked by a sign from the preacher; the rain fell in torrents all around, but not a drop reached the place where they stood; nor was this all, for the water, rushing in a headlong stream down the sides of the hill at the foot of which the plain was situated, stopped short at the bottom as if arrested by an invisible barrier, and turned its tempestuous course in another direction.

The reputation Father Malagrida acquired as a thaumaturgus led many persons to have recourse to him in difficulty. One day when he was in Algoa, giving a mission, a ship-builder came to him, saying that on the attempt being made to launch a vessel which had been built in the dockyard, she had reeled over, and stuck so fast in the mud that no means availed to get her afloat, and begging Father Malagrida to assist him. But the good Father perceived that he was asked to work a miracle, and could not be induced to go to the spot. The man then bethought himself of a pious stratagem to obtain his end. Knowing that before leaving the town at the close of his mission, Father Malagrida would walk in procession through the streets, carrying the image of *Our Lady of Missions*, which was his inseparable companion, he contrived that the route of the procession should be arranged so as to pass alongside of the stranded vessel. When Father Malagrida reached the place, the captain and sailors threw themselves at his feet and besought him to bless their ship. This time the request could not be refused; he went on board, and after reciting a short prayer, blessed the vessel with the image he was holding. Then he bade the sailors try again to move her, but almost before they touched the ropes, she righted herself, and to the astonishment and delight of the by-standers, glided lightly and rapidly down to the sea.

In 1750, matters connected with the interests of the South American missions rendered necessary Father Malagrida's

presence at the Portuguese Court, and he accordingly set sail for Lisbon. Well was it for the captain and crew of the vessel on which he embarked that they carried the Thaumaturgus with them, otherwise they would never have reached their destination; several times during the voyage it was only through the exercise of his miraculous powers that they escaped death. Becalmed in mid-ocean, their supply of water was exhausted; but on Father Malagrida making the sign of the Cross over the last barrel, its contents proved sufficient for the remainder of the voyage. A terrific storm carried away the rudder and main part of the rigging, but the disabled vessel held on her course as if uninjured. At the mouth of the Tagus again they struck upon a rock, the ship was foundering fast, when *Our Lady of Missions* was held aloft by the Apostle, and they ran safely into port.

At this period the throne of Portugal was occupied by John the Fifth, a wise and pious monarch. On hearing of Father Malagrida's arrival, he immediately sent for him, and although infirm and partly paralyzed, he rose to greet him and knelt at his feet, welcoming him with every mark of respect. Moreover, he granted him all the concessions and privileges he asked for the furtherance of the missions, conferred on him full powers of commencing new enterprises, and added to these favours a munificent subsidy for the carrying on of the work. The death of this Sovereign, which occurred before Father Malagrida returned to Brazil, was no small calamity to the Portuguese kingdom, both in the Old and the New World; from it dates the decline of the country, which, at that time powerful and flourishing, has gradually sunk—owing to a succession of incapable rulers, of revolutions, of internecine and foreign wars—to the insignificant position it at present occupies amongst the European Powers.

In June, 1751, Father Malagrida again embarked for Brazil, the Dowager Queen, who greatly valued his spiritual guidance, reluctantly consenting to his departure, and only acceding to it on condition that he should return in time to assist her in her last moments. The voyage was most auspicious; the Apostle was received with acclamations of delight, he resumed his former good works with renewed fervour, and set on foot many others of great usefulness. At the end of two years and a half, however, a pressing letter from the Queen, whose health was rapidly failing, summoned him to Lisbon; on

January 1, 1754, he again, and for the last time, crossed the Atlantic.

John the Fifth had been succeeded by his son, Joseph the First, a good-natured but weak ruler, completely under the domination of the astute and ambitious statesman known to history under the title of Marquis of Pombal, and who, a man of low birth and of small fortune, had by his audacity and ability raised himself, during the reign of the late King, to some of the highest offices in the Government. But neither the instances of the Queen, Mary Anne of Austria, nor the recommendations of the Jesuits—then all-powerful at the Portuguese Court, and to whom, on that account, Pombal professed profound devotion—could prevail on John the Fifth to give him the post of Foreign Secretary, for he knew too well the unscrupulous and vindictive character of the man to entrust the interests of the country to his hands. When Joseph the First ascended the throne, Pombal immediately obtained the post he coveted, and acquired over the King an ascendancy so great, that he might be said to be virtually the ruler of the country. No wonder then that when Father Malagrida arrived in Lisbon the second time, the veneration in which he was held by the people, the deference paid him at Court, the influence he exercised over the Queen-mother, and through her over the King, excited the jealousy of the successful and despotic Minister; he saw in him a dangerous rival, a formidable obstacle in the way of his ulterior designs, and forthwith resolved to ruin him.

Meanwhile the Queen's illness became serious, and Father Malagrida hastened to her bedside to prepare her to appear before God. But on a slight improvement in her condition, those who were about her, instigated by Pombal, contrived to exclude him from her apartments on the plea that his exhortations excited and alarmed her, and prevented her recovery. The disease made rapid progress, and the Queen expired without the consoling presence of the Father whom she loved and trusted, and whom she had summoned from afar to speed her parting soul. At the moment when she breathed her last, Father Malagrida, who had been denied access to the Palace, was preaching in a city at a considerable distance from Lisbon; suddenly he stopped in his discourse, and exclaimed with tears: Alas! we have lost our good Queen; she who was so true a mother to her people is no more! His audience were astonished, for in those days of slow communication, tidings had that very

morning been received announcing the Queen to be out of danger.

The Jesuits in Portugal and her colonies had good reason to regret the death of Mary Anne of Austria. For a time they continued in favour at Court, and were retained as the confessors and counsellors of the royal family ; but the Society in general, and Father Malagrida in particular, had a powerful and determined enemy in Pombal, who only waited until the meshes wherein he held the King captive were sufficiently strong, and his own influence sufficiently established, to throw off the mask, and commence open hostilities against his detested rivals ; hostilities which, as we are aware, terminated in the expulsion of every Jesuit from the Portuguese dominions and the sacrifice of Father Malagrida's life.

What reason, it may be asked, had Pombal thus to hate the Jesuits, and why did he resolve upon their expulsion from the country ? Far from having opposed his advancement, it was owing to their influence in a great measure that he had been enabled to ascend to the high position he occupied ; he had, moreover, always professed much affection for the Society, in proof of which he attired his second son, a most attractive child, in a miniature habit, and thus presented him to the King, terming him the *Apostolino*, it being customary at that time to give the name of *Apostoli* to the Jesuits, as a tribute to the memory of St. Francis Xavier. But this affection was only feigned ; he fawned upon the members of a powerful Order while it served his own purposes to do so, and while they aided him in the furtherance of his ambitious projects ; when he saw himself on the high road to omnipotence in the State, in a position to carry out his own views on political and social matters, and to introduce in the colleges of the country the infidel principles with which he was deeply imbued, he altered his tactics, and resolved to sweep out of his way the sons of St. Ignatius who would oppose a stern resistance to the execution of his designs. Towards Father Malagrida he entertained a more personal and special animosity, not only because the more holy a man is, the more he is hated by the wicked, but because he had on several occasions thwarted his plans, and it was on account of his representations that the new Governor of Brazil, Pombal's brother, had frequently been reprimanded for the course of action he had adopted in regard to the missionaries. Besides this, the public acknowledgment of the services which the



Apostle of Lisbon, as he was then already called, had rendered to the sufferers from the great earthquake of 1754, and the immense prestige he possessed, was most galling to the proud statesman. Gradually he succeeded in poisoning the King's mind against him, finally persuading the credulous and timid monarch that Father Malagrida was concocting a plot to dethrone him and place his brother Pedro on the throne. By this means he procured his banishment from Madrid ; Setubal, a town about seventy miles from the capital, being the place of residence assigned him. There he carried on the work of the ministry with undiminished zeal ; being the object meanwhile of incessant minor persecutions and vexations on the part of his inveterate enemy.

After a time the Prime Minister succeeded in eliminating from the Court not only the Jesuit confessors of the royal family, but the most conspicuous and influential friends of the Society. He then proceeded to strike a blow, not at individual members, but at the whole body as represented in Portugal and her colonies, by traducing them to the Sovereign Pontiff, Benedict the Fourteenth, from whom, through the intrigues of the Portuguese Ambassador, and some prelates not very favourably disposed to the Jesuits, he extorted a Brief, appointing Cardinal Saldanha to visit and reform the houses of the Society in Portugal. This prelate, disregarding the injunctions of the Holy Father carefully to examine and investigate the truth of the accusations brought against them, accepted all on Pombal's word, and condemned them unheard, without visiting one of the houses, or listening to anything they could allege in their exculpation and defence ; nor did an appeal made by Father Malagrida to Pope Benedict's successor produce any effect. Emboldened by success, Pombal proceeded to strike a still more telling blow ; he induced the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon to prohibit the Fathers from preaching or hearing confessions in his patriarchate. The publication of this decree caused universal consternation. Father Malagrida was at the time preparing to celebrate with much solemnity the feast of St. Antony ; the services were suspended, the panegyric he was about to deliver remained unspoken, the vast concourse of people dispersed to their homes. At his request, one of the Fathers, a relative of the Patriarch, repaired to the capital to expostulate with him ; he found him on his death-bed, and, by a strange irony of fate, administered to him the last sacraments. Before expiring, the

Patriarch declared solemnly that the decree had been wrung from him by force, and expressed great regret for having issued it. Pombal took care that this revocation should not be made public, and he obtained the nomination to the vacant see of Cardinal Saldanha, who was already a puppet in his hands.

Such was the condition of affairs in Portugal, when it happened one night that the carriage in which the King was returning *incognito* to his palace from the house of the Marquis Tavora, in the company of his favourite chamberlain, was attacked by hired assassins. These ruffians, as was afterwards discovered, were paid by the Duke of Aveiro to avenge a private wrong on the King's chamberlain, and were totally ignorant of the King's presence in the carriage. Nevertheless the report got about that an attempt had been made on the King's life, some said by the Marquis Tavora, with whose wife Joseph the First had too close a friendship. Pombal encouraged and helped to circulate these reports, for he saw in the incident an opportunity of ridding himself of two persons whom he hated : Tavora, whose contempt for him as a *parvenu* was intolerable to his pride, and Malagrida, who as a friend of Tavora, might be accused of being an accomplice in, if not the instigator of, the supposed attempt at regicide. Father Malagrida was consequently recalled to Lisbon and thrown into the prison of Belem, where the most important political prisoners were confined, together with nine other Jesuits, no less innocent than himself. The Duke of Aveiro and the Marquis Tavora were arrested, cruelly tortured, and after an iniquitous trial, barbarously put to death. Father Malagrida, however, though asserted to be the most guilty of all, was left to languish in prison unheeded for two years and a half; the reason of this temporary oblivion being that the Prime Minister found that the attempt to convict him of conspiring against the King's life was utterly fruitless, and therefore in order to procure his condemnation, some fresh charge must be brought against him which, if equally without foundation, would yet be less easy of disproof. During this period the persecution of the Jesuits had been carried on with relentless animosity; their houses were confiscated, their writings burnt, and they themselves, whatever their nationality, were either banished from the Portuguese dominions or cast into prison; all this being done by order of Pombal, who even commanded the names of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Borgia to be expunged from the Breviary and

Missal. He now accused Father Malagrida before the Holy Office of the Inquisition of heresy and imposture, alleging that he had deceived the people by pretended revelations, simulated miracles, and a false semblance of virtue; the prisoner was accordingly transferred from the State prison to the dungeons of the Inquisition, there to await his trial.

The Sacred Office was at that time presided over by a man of unimpeachable integrity and piety, who had a sincere veneration for Father Malagrida, and whom Pombal was conscious it would be impossible to bend to his will. He therefore persuaded the King to remove him, and appoint in his stead one of the Prime Minister's own brothers. Several other of the Inquisitors who had the courage to oppose his designs, were dealt with in the same summary manner; one amongst them, an aged Dominican of great force of character, having in the first sitting discerned the true nature of the accusation, was compelled to depart immediately for Africa, where some post was assigned him; the unfortunate old man died before reaching his destination. The whole of the charge brought against Father Malagrida was based on two works which he was stated to have composed during his incarceration: one of these, written in Portuguese, a *Life of St. Anne*, purporting to have been dictated by the saint herself, was full of the most extravagant nonsense that the brain of a madman could devise; the other, written in Latin, and entitled *Tractatus de Vitâ et Imperio Anti-Christi*, was not only ridiculous, but profane and blasphemous. It would indeed have been no great wonder if, supposing him to have been the real author of these works, the reason of the venerable Religious had given way, under the stress of anxiety and suspense, of close imprisonment in a dark and fetid dungeon; but in that case he ought to have been sent to an asylum, and not condemned to death, the more so because he had not propagated his errors, and no public scandal had been given. As a matter of fact, however, there was not a fragment of evidence to show that the MSS. in question were his composition; on the contrary, it would have been impossible for him to procure the necessary materials, since only on one occasion by means of a heavy bribe paid by his friends to the jailor, could he obtain pen and paper to indite a short epistle. Nor did Father Malagrida ever exhibit the slightest sign of madness; both when in confinement, before his judges, and also in presence of death, he maintained a calm and serene demeanour, and

continued to assert his unwavering faith and loyal submission to Holy Church. No doubt exists that the MSS. fathered upon him, and which were never heard of or seen except at the trial, were the work of Pombal's creatures, to one of whom, an ex-Capuchin friar, he was accustomed to entrust the like delicate and creditable tasks. The charge from beginning to end, was an absolute fabrication ; the proceedings from first to last lacked every semblance of justice, the judges being either imposed upon or intimidated by the vindictive and despotic marquis ; the records of the trial, which were suppressed as far as possible, excited scorn and disgust in all who had access to them. The sentence passed upon Father Malagrida declared him guilty of heresy ; it decreed that he should be unfrocked and handed over for punishment to the secular authorities, with an earnest recommendation that he should be dealt with leniently, and above all, that his life should be spared.

But Pombal was alike heedless of mercy and justice ; his unscrupulous hand had already signed the death warrant of the man he hated. Immediately on the publication of the decision of the Sacred Tribunal, sentence was passed by the civil power ; the alleged heretic was condemned to be led through the public streets to the Piazza del Rocio, where he would be strangled by the public executioner, his body burnt, and his ashes scattered to the winds of heaven—the last indignity his persecutor could devise for him. No one dared raise his voice in protestation, nor was time allowed for remonstrance or appeal against the sentence ; a solemn *auto da fé* was held that same night. A grand stand was erected for the accommodation of the King and the Court, who were present, as well as the civil magistrates, the nobles and principal inhabitants of the city ; a strong military force was also in attendance, to restrain the vast concourse of people, a precaution generally unnecessary in Portugal, where the decrees of the Holy Office were held in great respect, but on this occasion considered advisable in order to prevent an insurrection of the populace on behalf of *el Santo*, as they loved to call Father Malagrida. About forty other persons, ecclesiastics and laymen, men and women, were to receive punishment for minor offences ; the penalty of death was reserved for Father Malagrida alone.

It was the invariable custom for religious when condemned to public punishment, not to wear the distinctive dress of their Order, but that of an ordinary priest ; however, when Father

Malagrida appeared with his hands bound, a cord round his neck, escorted by two Benedictine Fathers, at the close of the melancholy procession which wended its way by torchlight to the place of execution, it was observed that he was clothed in the Jesuit habit: Pombal had expressly ordered this for the sake of bringing discredit on the Society. After the sentence of the Holy Office had been read aloud, the Archbishop proceeded to strip the condemned of his sacerdotal habiliments, for which the hideous yellow tunic and the mitre-like cap of the heretic were substituted. Then the sentence of death was read, and Malagrida mounted the scaffold with a firm step and tranquil countenance, and took his place beneath the gallows. On being exhorted to confess his crimes and ask pardon of the king and the people, he replied in a clear voice, plainly audible in the deep silence: "Ever since I set foot in Portugal, I have served the King as a good and loyal subject; if I have unwittingly given offence to any one, I humbly ask his forgiveness." Then as the executioner adjusted the rope round his neck, he was heard to utter the words: "God of mercy, come to my help; have mercy on my soul. Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." At that moment a supernatural glory beamed from his countenance, casting a bright radiance all around, overpowering the dim light of the torches, lighting up the fatal scene and rendering every object and every actor distinctly discernible in the dark and cloudy night, the victim himself being the most conspicuous of all. A murmur ran through the throng of spectators: A miracle, a miracle! some were heard to exclaim. But the persons who uttered this cry were instantly arrested, the executioner hastened to accomplish his task, and the body of the venerable apostle was committed to the flames already kindled to consume it. The tragic end of the saintly Jesuit—at the advanced age of seventy-two years—excited a great sensation; far from diminishing his reputation for sanctity, it only served to augment it, and throughout the whole Peninsula he was regarded by all good people as a martyr and a saint. Nevertheless, so cleverly had the astute and wily Pombal known how to suppress facts and give to falsehood an appearance of truth, that with the world at large and the most influential personages in Portugal, the calumnies disseminated concerning Father Malagrida met with acceptance. The few who attempted to prove him innocent were not listened to; no one in a position of authority cared to investigate the

matter; besides, the decision of the Inquisition must not be called in question. Almost all the friends of the Jesuits had been removed from power or otherwise disgraced; the Papal Nuncio himself, who had dared to speak in their defence, was on some frivolous pretext conveyed hurriedly across the frontier and forbidden to return. The "Great Marquis" triumphed.

It remains to say a few words about the end of this enemy of liberty, of religion, of virtue, who at that time had reached the apogee of his power. The nobles were silenced, the Jesuits banished, the almost imbecile monarch was a tool in his hands. For several years he continued his despotic rule, until the death of Joseph the First; then his fall speedily ensued. Scarcely was the King laid in his grave, when there was a general outburst of indignation and rage against the tyrant who had so long been the scourge of his country. The prisons which he had filled were thrown open, and about eight hundred of his victims, nobles of high degree, venerable ecclesiastics, holy religious, whose only crime was that they had stood in his way, were restored to liberty. By order of the Queen, careful revision was made of the proceedings connected with the supposed attempt to assassinate the King, the result being that all the persons alleged to be implicated in it, both living and dead, amongst them Father Malagrida, were solemnly declared to have been innocent. Furthermore, Pombal himself was brought to trial, and a formidable list of crimes proved against him. He was condemned to death, but the Queen, out of respect for the memory of the late King, her father, commuted the sentence to that of perpetual exile. He lived a few years, devoured by a loathsome leprosy, and died apparently impenitent, persistently refusing the sacraments of the Church. His remains, being those of an excommunicated person, were left without sepulture in a small chapel on his domains, until on the return of the Jesuits to Portugal in 1829, foretold by Father Malagrida, they were interred, and a Requiem sung for the repose of his soul, *corpore præsente*, by the Fathers of the Society. Such was the vengeance taken by the sons of St. Ignatius on the worst enemy their Order has ever known. *Hæc est vera fraternitas quæ vicat mundi crimina.*

ELLIS SCHREIBER.



### *Jewish Doctrine at the Time of our Lord.*

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It would be quite a mistake to look upon the Holy Land as the only place where Jews dwelt at the time of our Lord's coming; as great a mistake as to consider Greece the only habitation of Greeks in the days of their glory, or Phœnicia the only habitation of Phœnicians, or England the only habitation of Englishmen. There were many more Jews outside the Holy Land than within its boundaries. Then, as now, wherever money was to be got, Jews were sure to be found. They were especially numerous in Mesopotamia, Egypt, and in large cities where trade was likely to be brisk. Philo tells us that in Egypt there were about 1,000,000. In Alexandria two-fifths of the city were inhabited exclusively by them, while they formed an independent community governed by their own laws, at the same time enjoying the rights of citizenship like the other inhabitants. The Jews of Antioch and other cities had the same privileges. In some large cities where they did not form separate communities, they were still very numerous, and had considerable advantages. Thus in Rome each synagogue managed its own affairs, and in this city they were so numerous that a body of 8,000 could join a deputation which came from Judæa to the Emperor in the year B.C. 4. In the year of our Lord 19, 4,000 Jews capable of bearing arms were deported from Rome to Sardinia to fight against the brigands, and the rest were banished. At Damascus 10,000, or, according to another account, 18,000 Jews were assassinated at the time of the great Jewish war.

Although the Jews of the Holy Land differed in several important respects from those of the dispersion, still all Jews were bound together by strong ties of blood, religion, and interest. All possessed the word of God as the foundation of their religious belief, and guide towards leading a virtuous life, all shared in the promises, all looked forward to the Messiah whose coming had been foretold from the beginning, who was

to spring from their own race, and in whom all nations were to be blessed. Religious fervour was kept aglow by the Sabbath meetings in the synagogues which sprang up wherever there were Jews. In Alexandria there were many synagogues, and we know the names of seven of those which existed in various parts of Rome. St. Paul in his travels found them everywhere, at Pisidia, Iconium, Ephesus, Thessalonica, Berea, Athens, and Corinth. Here every Sabbath-day the Jews assembled to pray, hear the Law and the Prophets read, and listen to the exhortations and instructions of some learned rabbi, who might be one of their fellow-citizens, or possibly even from the Holy Land itself. These synagogues formed a most important means at first for the rapid diffusion of the teaching of our Lord. We find from the Acts of the Apostles that St. Paul made great use of them. Unfortunately, too, when the great body of the Jews had rejected the Messiah, the synagogues became the centres where the plots and persecutions against the Christians were hatched.

Another bond of union among the Jews consisted in the pilgrimages to Jerusalem, which every Jew, as far as possible, was bound to make according to the Law at the time of the great festivals. The number of Jews, who at such times flocked to the Holy City from all parts of the world, was very great. Josephus tells us that on one occasion there were between two and three millions. We know from the Acts that on the first Christian Pentecost there were present at Jerusalem Jews from Parthia, Media, Elymais, Mesopotamia, Cappadocia, Pontus, Asia, Phrygia, Pamphylia, Egypt, Cyrene, Rome, Crete, and Arabia. At such times every one in Jerusalem kept open house, tents were put up in the streets and squares and about the city walls, and brethren from all quarters of the world dwelt and joyed together for a brief space in union, and in the freest and most loving intercourse.

Besides the obligation of making pilgrimages to the Holy City, every Jew above the age of twenty years was bound to pay a yearly tax of one didrachma (about one shilling) towards the support of the Temple. Almost every town had its office where this tax was received, and at particular seasons the most respected members of the community were chosen to convey it to the Temple treasury.

Trade also served to unite the Jews together in whatever part of the world they might be, for trade flourished under the

protection of the majestic Pax Romana, and the Jews enjoyed no small share in this trade.

We cannot then treat the Jews at the time of our Lord as a nation which inhabited Judæa and Galilee alone; by far the greater number lived scattered throughout the known world. Still the heart of the nation beat in the Holy Land, and thence sent out quick currents of life-blood to the furthest extremities. For was there not in the Holy Land Jerusalem, "the city of perfect beauty, the joy of all the earth"? Was there not there, too, that magnificent Temple of marble and gold, the house of God, where day by day, morning and evening, a God-appointed priesthood offered sacrifice for the sins and needs of all Israel, where every day ascended sweet incense before the Lord, symbolical of the prayers of Israel? And there sat the Sanhedrin on the chair of Moses, the Sanhedrin whose decisions every pious Jew revered and obeyed. There dwelt devout and learned rabbis "who sought out the wisdom of all the ancients, and were occupied in the prophets;" while day by day to young disciples who sat at their feet in the courts and colonnades of the Temple, in the garden, or vineyard, or on the cool mountain slope, they "poured forth the words of their wisdom as showers . . . showed forth the discipline they had learned, and gloried in the law of the covenant of the Lord." There, as was natural, that conservative spirit was the strongest, which directed every effort towards keeping the sacred deposit of truth pure and undefiled. All education was directed to the study of the Law, and towards training the memory to such perfection that the pupil should forget nothing that his master taught him, but should be able to repeat what he had learnt in the very words used by the master. Strict rules for biblical interpretation were formulated and repeated by the pious Jew in his daily prayers. Outside the Bible the Palestinian Jew had neither history, literature, science, nor philosophy. Greek learning was absolutely and jealously forbidden. By such means the rabbis of Judæa trusted that the sacred deposit of written and traditionary law would be kept whole and entire, free from the taint of heathen errors.

Yet in spite of all these advantages and safeguards, even the Palestinian Jew was not free from great dangers to faith and morals at the time of which we write. The Holy Land was surrounded on all sides by a cordon of cities where Greek culture and heathenism reigned supreme. In these cities intel-

lectual refinement, joined to the worst moral depravity, offered all that could allure the dazzled senses. The public baths, theatres, and hippodromes, the gymnasia, temples, streets and squares, filled with a luxurious and depraved populace, presented innumerable snares for innocence and virtue. Owing to the small extent of the Jewish country, and the necessities of trade, contact with these cities was unavoidable. But the danger did not stay across the border. In the Holy Land itself, heathen cities had lately been built with the express object of breaking down Jewish exclusiveness. Little more than thirty miles from Jerusalem was Sebaste or Samaria, while in the south of Galilee was Scythopolis, and a little to the north of the Lake of Genesareth lay Cæsarea Philippi, as heathen in all respects as the cities across the borders of the Holy Land. In fact, the borders of the Holy Land were hard to define, so difficult was it to say where Judaism ceased, and where heathenism began. Nor did the evil stop here; in Jerusalem itself Herod built a theatre and amphitheatre, and had games every five years in honour of the Emperor. In Jericho were a theatre, amphitheatre, and hippodrome. Tiberias had a stadium. Everywhere, and into all departments of public and private life, the spirit of Hellenism had penetrated. There were baths and inns after the Greek model, Greek architecture was seen in the *ἐξέδραι* and *στοαί* of the new temple, trade was conducted by means of a Græco-Roman currency, many articles of foreign produce showed the influence of Greek fashion in the furniture of houses, in the ornaments and dress of the people. Greek names became fashionable as is seen in those of the high priests Jason, Alexander, Boethus, Theophilus; of the princes Alexander, Aristobulus, Antigonus, Herod, Archelaus, Philip, Antipas, Agrippa; the taste for Greek names had descended to the common people as is shown by the names of the Apostles Andrew and Philip. Heathens moved about among the people, soldiers, publicans, and others connected with the Government; and worse than all, wealthy Sadducees, priests, and laymen, were not wanting, who, as in the days of the Machabees, "were not now occupied about the offices of the altar, but despising the Temple and neglecting the sacrifices, hastened to be partakers of the games, and of the unlawful allowance thereof, and of the exercise of the discus, and setting nought by the honours of their fathers they esteemed the Grecian glories for the best."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 2 Machabees iv. 14, 15.

Many of these would imitate Herod from inclination or policy, and surround themselves with Greek philosophers and men of letters. Thus did Greek culture and heathenism encompass and penetrate the Holy Land, its subtle influence was in the air, the Jew inhaled it at every breath. Never did the world and the flesh so combine and dress themselves in such attractive garb to tempt the sons of God. How did the rabbis strive to meet the danger? The Law itself no longer sufficed for the altered circumstances. In the complicated relations of a highly civilized state of society, some other rules of life were required besides those which had regulated the simple primitive life of Israel in the early stages of its history. Those rules needed applying by competent authority to the new needs of society. This was done by the labour of the scribes or rabbis.

Sometime after the Babylonian captivity and before the close of the third century before Christ (for the precise date is not known), there flourished in Judæa the men of the Great Assembly. These left three rules for the direction of the Scribes. Be careful in pronouncing judgment. Bring up many pupils. Make a hedge about the Law. The last two rules gave the direction which the new development of Jewish theology took in order to meet the changed circumstances of Jewish life. The study of the Law, its application to the ever-varying conditions of life, and the teaching of it to others became the life occupation of all the most pious and sincere of the Jewish laity. They formed a new class, which is variously called that of the scribes, lawyers, or rabbis. To keep the Law intact and secure, and to meet the necessity of applying it, the scribes, following the lines indicated by Holy Scripture and tradition, formulated in the course of a few generations, a vast number of minute regulations which constitute a huge system of ultra-rigoristic theology. This formed "the hedge about the Law" which the Great Assembly had desired should be made. The object in view was good and necessary for the times, indeed the hedge was to the Law much what the rules of a religious order are to the essential vows of religion. But the regulations were so numerous and minute, that they became "a yoke," as St. Peter said, "which neither their fathers nor" the Jews at the time of our Lord "had been able to bear,"<sup>1</sup> and yet the scribes laid so much stress on their observance that "they made void the Law by their traditions," and while they "tithed mint and anise and cummin, they left

<sup>1</sup> Acts xv. 10.

the weightier things of the law, judgment, and mercy, and faith."<sup>1</sup>

It may be well to illustrate their method of proceeding by a few examples. In Exodus xxxiv. 21, we read : "Six days shalt thou work, the seventh day shalt thou cease to plough and to reap." The scribes had decided that plucking a few ears of corn was reaping, and accordingly the Pharisees were scandalized when the Apostles did this on the Sabbath.<sup>2</sup> Servile work of all kinds was forbidden on the Sabbath, it was decided that tying a sailor's or camel driver's knot was servile work. R. Meir was of opinion, however, that it was not servile work if the knot could be untied with one hand ; also a woman was allowed to tie up a slit in her chemise, the strings of her cap, those of her girdle, or the straps of her shoes and sandals. Writing was declared to be servile work, and the Law was broken even if as much as two letters were formed. R. Gamaliel declared that it was unlawful to form one letter in the morning and a second in the evening, but the common opinion was against him. The Law was broken if one letter was made on one wall or sheet of paper, and a second on a contiguous wall so that they could be read together, but not if one was made on the wall and another on the floor, or if they were formed with the wrong hand, the foot, mouth, or elbow.

In Jerem. xvii. 21, we read : "Thus saith the Lord : Take heed to your souls, and carry no burdens on the Sabbath-day : and bring them not in by the gates of Jerusalem." On the strength of this it was settled that he who carried out food equal in weight to a dried fig, or milk enough for one gulp violated the Law. On the same ground it was forbidden to carry more garments than such as constituted the ordinary clothing, and R. Joses would not allow a cripple to go out with his wooden leg, though R. Meir thought it lawful. At twilight, when the commandment began to be urgent, a tailor could not go out with his needle, nor a writer with his pen, lest he should be overtaken by the Sabbath with his instrument on his person. On the Sabbath one might not climb a tree, ride a horse, swim in the water, clap with the hands, strike upon the hips, or dance.

We read in Exodus, xvi. 29, that the Israelites went forth on the Sabbath-day to collect manna, though a double portion had fallen on the previous day, but they found none ; then God said to Moses : "See that the Lord hath given you the Sabbath, and

<sup>1</sup> St. Matt. xxiii. 23.

<sup>2</sup> St. Matt. xii. 2.



for this reason on the sixth day He giveth you a double provision ; let each man stay at home, and let none go forth out of his place the seventh day." The scribes therefore declared that on the Sabbath one might not go further than 2,000 cubits or 1,000 paces, which distance is the Sabbath-day's journey of the Acts.

On the Sabbath a physician might not attend a patient unless he were in danger. A fracture of a limb might not be attended to. If one had sprained his hand or foot he might not pour water on it. A plaster might not be put on for the first time on this day. However, it was ruled that a priest might replace a plaster taken off in order to officiate in the temple. All this will show why the Pharisees objected to our Lord's healing the sick on the Sabbath. Indeed their pertinacity on the point of the strict observance of the Sabbath was so great that it could not be reconciled with Roman military discipline, and so all Jews were released from the obligation of service in the army.

Especially numerous and minute were the regulations made to guard against the danger of co-operating in idolatry, and of contracting Levitical uncleanness. I will content myself with giving a few illustrations. When Herod put a golden eagle over the principal gate of the Temple, a large body of youths risked death by pulling it down in the middle of the day and cutting it in pieces with axes. A tumult took place in Jerusalem on Pilate's marching into the city with the eagles. The use of a bath was unlawful if the image of a god was there. No Jew was allowed to transact business with a heathen during the three days preceding a heathen festival, and according to some, during the three days following also. It was not lawful to drink, or even to smell heathen wine, as it might have been used for libations. A fire might not be made with wood from the grove of an idol, bread baked at such a fire might not be eaten.

The following will illustrate Jewish views on cleanness and uncleanness. All Gentiles, as not observing the laws of purification were unclean, and the pious Jew always took a bath to purify himself after going to market. The house of a Gentile was unclean, and it was unlawful to sit at table or eat with a Gentile. All articles belonging to Gentiles were unclean, if susceptible of Levitical uncleanness, and needed purification before they could be used by the faithful Jew. Thus spits and gridirons were to be made red hot, knives were to be sharpened to be clean. Milk, if drawn from the cow, without a Jew's seeing

it, was forbidden, it might have come from an unclean animal; oil too was forbidden, it might have been in an unclean vessel. Certain Jewish priests, known to Josephus, who had been taken prisoners to Rome, lived solely on nuts and figs rather than defile themselves with unclean Gentile food. The hands should always have water poured over them before eating, as we know from the Gospels; it was further laid down what vessels were to be used for the purpose, what kind of water, who was to pour it, and how far upon the hands.

The examples which I have adduced will serve to give some idea of the monstrous system of rigoristic theology which was prevalent at the time of Christ among the Jews. All these minute regulations were put on the same level of importance with the Law of Moses, nay, raised above it, for were they not the authoritative interpretations and applications of that Law, and therefore the ultimate authority, just as the Church is the ultimate authority on the meaning of Scripture? But the Church has been made infallible by her Divine Founder, while the scribes enjoyed no such privilege. All the Pharisaic body, that is the rulers of the state, the priests (with the exception of those who were Sadducees), almost all the scribes and doctors prided themselves on the exact observance of these traditions of the fathers. Even the Sadducees, who accepted any kind of public office, were obliged outwardly to conform to the prevailing custom. The whole weight of the people's sympathy and support gravitated in the same direction, though it was impossible for them either to live up to the Law as thus developed, or even to gain any adequate acquaintance with it, and therefore the Pharisees said of those who believed in our Lord, "This multitude that knoweth not the Law, are accursed."<sup>1</sup>

What was the effect of this elaborate "hedge about the Law"? One good thing it certainly seems to have done. It kept Jewish theology as taught by the Pharisees free from any mixture with Greek philosophy. Greek thought made sad havoc among the Sadducees, who were some of the most wealthy, best educated, and also most worldly-minded of the nation. The doctrines of Epicurus, as was natural, found most favour with them. They denied the resurrection of the body, the immortality of the soul, the existence of angels and spirits, Providence; they rejected tradition, and interpreted Scripture by private judgment. The influence of an Orphic Pythagor-

<sup>1</sup> St. John vii. 49.

eanism can be traced in the doctrine of the Essenes, who formed an order of Jewish ascetics. Thus they worshipped the sun with peculiar rites, and taught that the human soul emanated from the finest ether, whence it was drawn to the body by some natural attraction, where it was kept as in a prison, but, when released by death, it would joyfully take its flight back again to its native sphere. We know too that many Jews held the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; thus we are told that "some said our Lord was John the Baptist, and other some Elias, and others Jeremias or one of the prophets."<sup>1</sup> But in all probability this was not a doctrine of the Pharisees, nor did they hold any other error which can be traced to a Greek source. No, their errors were a genuine native product, the outcome of their own pride and rigorism. Their traditions were a burden too heavy for human shoulders to bear, and they did not attempt to bear it themselves: "For they bind heavy and insupportable burdens, and lay them on men's shoulders; but with a finger of their own they will not move them. And all their works they do for to be seen of men."<sup>2</sup> But they were not only hypocrites, their excessive rigorism in certain directions drove them to seek compensation in others, and they fell into grave errors concerning the marriage tie, natural piety towards parents, and the nature of an oath. Moses had allowed divorce in certain cases. In Deut. xxiv. 1, it is said: "If a man take a wife, and have her, and she find not favour in his eyes for some uncleanness, he shall write a bill of divorce, and shall give it in her hand and send her out of his house." The great Jewish doctor, Hillel, said this might be done if she spoiled his food; R. Akiba, if the husband found another fairer. This throws light on the question which the Pharisees put to our Lord: "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for *every cause*?"<sup>3</sup> They also settled that a man might neglect his parents in order to give to the Temple, *i.e.*, to the priests, and thus, as our Lord said, "They made void the commandment of God for their tradition."<sup>4</sup> And in St. Matt. xxiii. 16, our Lord indignantly rejects the distinction which they drew between the Temple and the gold, the altar and the gift, as affecting the obligation of an oath.

In spite of these exceptions, it remains true that in the main the Pharisaic teaching was faithful to the Law, Prophets,

<sup>1</sup> St. Matt. xvi. 14.

<sup>2</sup> St. Matt. xxiii. 5.

<sup>3</sup> St. Matt. xix. 3.

<sup>4</sup> St. Matt. xv. 6.

and sound Tradition. Our Lord Himself said : "The Scribes and Pharisees have sitten on the chair of Moses. All things therefore whatsoever they shall say to you, observe and do : but according to their works do ye not : for they say and do not."<sup>1</sup> He blames them for their hypocrisy, rigorism, avarice, secret adulteries, spiritual blindness, externalism, vanity, and pride : He calls them very hard names, "serpents, generation of vipers," "an evil and adulterous generation," "blind leaders of the blind," and says that "publicans and harlots shall go into the kingdom before them." But in all this there is nothing which we can trace to Hellenism ; the "hedge of the Law" kept Jewish doctrine free from Greek philosophy, at least in the Holy Land. How did it fare with Hebrew theology in the dispersion ?

As we have already hinted, the Jews of the dispersion were in very different circumstances from those by which they were encompassed in the Holy Land. In the dispersion, separation from contact with Gentiles and heathenism generally was all but impossible. Only the strictest Pharisees could pretend to carry out the regulations of the Law even in the Holy Land ; in the dispersion the best intentions would have been of no avail in large cities where the Jews always formed a minority. Again, instead of speaking Aramaic, the Jews of the dispersion usually talked Greek, their education was Greek to a great extent, and the wealthier families naturally desired some form of higher education for their sons, that is, education in Greek language, literature, and philosophy. All earnest Jews were ever ready to make a proselyte, and so eager for this were the Pharisees in the Holy Land that our Lord said to them, "You go round about the sea and the land to make one proselyte."<sup>2</sup> The Jews of the dispersion had the same characteristic, which would necessarily bring them into contact with educated Greeks, and conversation and controversy arising therefrom would necessitate the study of Greek philosophy and religion. Besides, the union of the civilized world, under one government, and the diffusion of the Greek language at least over all the eastern portion of the Empire, resulted in a drawing together of nations very similar to what we witness from other causes in our own day. And just as now-a-days men of culture affect to be superior to all particular forms of belief, and we have a well meaning man like Mr. Max Müller firmly persuaded that true religion is to be arrived at by picking and choosing whatever is

<sup>1</sup> St. Matt. xxiii. 2, 3.<sup>2</sup> St. Matt. xxiii. 15.

best in all the religions of mankind, so in those days the eclectic philosopher was abroad with his home-made panacea for all the moral depravity and evils of the time. In the large cities such as Rome and Alexandria all the gods of the four quarters of the globe had their pantheons, temples, and votaries. How did Judaism stand the strain of such varied influences?

We are fortunate enough to be able to estimate their effects in Alexandria itself, the very city where they were most pronounced and most highly developed, in Alexandria the capital of the world at that time for trade, science, and art. Here about the year 20 B.C. was born the most learned Jew of his time, Philo, who has acquired for himself the surname Judæus. He was alive in A.D. 40, for in that year he went to Rome with some fellow-countrymen to try and induce Caligula to rescind the order for placing a statue of the Emperor in the Jewish synagogues. He was therefore a contemporary of our Lord. Philo wrote very many works, of which above forty have come down to us. They are almost all connected with Holy Scripture, and in them he shows himself equally conversant with the Bible and with Greek literature and philosophy. The names of sixty-four Greek writers occur in his works, among them the poets Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. But his favourites are the philosophers, and the chief of all Plato, whom he calls "great" and "holy," and so close a resemblance of thought and language is there between these two, that in the early centuries of Christianity it was commonly said: "Either Plato philonizes or Philo platonizes" (*ἢ Πλάτων φιλωνίζει ἢ Φίλων πλατωνίζει*).

He talks, too, of "the holy community of the Pythagoreans," and Parmenides, Empedocles, Zeno, and Cleanthes, are "god-like men and a sacred society." However, with all his esteem for the Greek philosophers, he reserves the chief place for Moses and the Bible. Moses "is the greatest and most perfect of men in every respect," he is "the highest saint," "he soared into the loftiest regions of philosophy, and the chief secrets of nature were revealed to him." The Bible is the inspired word of God, but its real meaning is not in the letter, which indeed is often false and always of less importance; it contains an inexhaustible store of philosophy, and the highest wisdom concealed under the form of allegory. The Bible is, moreover, according to Philo, the source of all philosophy, whence Plato and all other philosophers drew their best thoughts. A word, a

fancied derivation, a remote similarity of meaning or expression, is a sufficient proof of his thesis, when taken in conjunction with the fact that Moses and the Hebrew prophets lived long before the sages of Greece. He takes the greatest liberties with the Sacred Text, altering the position of pauses, and making a new sentence out of the end of one and the beginning of the next with the utmost freedom. By these means he is enabled to find in Holy Scripture notions of Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, the Stoics, of Persian and Buddhist philosophers, just as suits his purpose. It is of no consequence to him to be self-consistent in his selections, so that it is impossible to speak of any system of Philo. His writings exhibit a confused mass of Jewish, Eastern, and Greek ideas thrown together into the cauldron, with a "Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may." As specimens of his manner, we will select one or two passages from his works, which are fairly representative of the whole.

The first is from his *De mundi opificio*. He has just laid down that as an architect who is commissioned to build a city first forms an idea of its various parts in his mind, so God wishing to create the world, first conceived innumerable mental ideas, which constitute the invisible world. These mental ideas were the work of the first day, and were the types or exemplar causes of the world which we perceive. They dwelt in the Logos or Word of God who made this visible world. Then he goes on to say :

If one were to speak plainly, he would allow that this invisible world is no other than the Word of God actually making the world. For an invisible city is no other than a concept of the architect thinking actually of founding the city which he has conceived in his mind. This is Moses' opinion, not mine. For, describing the creation of man, he says expressly that he was made according to the image of God. And if a part is the image of the image of God, it is plain that all this visible universe, even more than man, is the expressed image of God. It is clear, moreover, that the archetypal seal which we call the invisible world, is itself the archetypal exemplar cause [of this visible world], that it is the idea of ideas, the Word of God.

Our next extract is from the *Quæstiones in Genesin*. The question asked is : "Why the woman first touched the tree, and ate of its fruit, and afterwards the man took it from her?" He answers thus :

According to the literal meaning, in the first place we are told that it was convenient that immortality and all good should be under the man,



but that death and all evil should be under woman. Analogically however, the woman is the symbol of the senses, and the man of the intellect. Forsooth, visible things necessarily affect the senses, and by means of the senses reach the mind; for the senses are affected by their object, and the intellect through the senses.

Finally, here is a passage to illustrate his Pythagorean treatment of numbers.

But the heavens were made in the number 4, which one may truly call the cause and source of the number 10, the most perfect of them all. For what 10 is *in actu*, that 4 is *in potentia*. For the numbers of the series 1, 2, 3, 4, when added together make 10. The number 4 contains too the musical notes diatessaron, diapente, diapason, disdiapason, from which the most perfect concord arises. There is another power in the number 4, wonderful to think of and speak of. For it first displays the nature of a solid while the preceding numbers indicate immaterial things. For in 1 is a point, in 2 a line, which is length without breadth, and 3 is a superficies; thickness is wanting to make this a solid body, and when added it is 4. Whence great estimation accrues to this number which has led us from immaterial and supra-sensible things, to the consideration of matter in three dimensions, which is first the object of sense. Besides, we must keep in view that 4 is the first of the numbers, which is the measure of equity and justice, because it alone is obtained by adding and by multiplying the same numbers, by adding 2 to 2, and by multiplying 2 by 2; showing a wonderful harmony such as there is not in the other numbers. The number 4 has many other virtues, which we must explain more exactly and fully in a separate treatise. Now, it will suffice to add that it was the principle of the generation of the heavens and of the whole world. For the four elements of which this universe is composed, flowed from the number 4 as from a spring: and the four seasons of the year too, winter, spring, summer, and autumn, whence come plants and animals. Since then the number 4 is endowed by nature with such virtues, the Maker of the world necessarily formed the heavens, with their beautiful and divine ornaments, the shining stars, on the fourth day.<sup>1</sup>

We have no space to give a detailed account of his views, though the subject is of great and growing importance, and so we will content ourselves with showing Philo's divergence from Palestinian orthodoxy.

Plato had asserted that matter is essentially defective, nay altogether evil. This view is a fundamental principle with Philo, and he pushes it to the utmost conclusions. As God could not come into contact with polluting matter, He employed in the creation of the world an intermediary being, the Logos, whose

<sup>1</sup> *De mundi opificio.*

generation and nature were depicted in the first extract.<sup>1</sup> This is insinuated by Gen. i. 26, where the words, "Let *Us* make," are used. The Logos is the efficient and exemplar cause of all things, he sustains all things, he is immanent in the world and the source of all activity in it; he is the mind of the world, the universal being which lies at the foundation of all things. He acts like a bond or glue, connecting and cementing all things together, lest the world should fall in pieces. He is to the world what the soul is to the body of man. The mixture in all this of Platonic and Stoic notions does not call for further comment.

But with Philo matter is not only evil, it pre-existed before the fashioning power of the Logos was exerted upon it. In this primitive state it was without motion, form, or life, it was "void and empty." Thus it constituted the world of darkness, against which the world of light or spiritual beings, created on the first day, when God said, "Let there be light," was in constant strife; until God put an end to their struggles by assigning as limits to their respective realms, night and day. Here are unmistakable traces of Persian dualism.

Our author follows Plato too in considering the stars as pure intelligences, altogether good and incapable of vice. With these intellectual beings the as yet solitary Adam was privileged to hold high converse in Paradise.

Man is made up of three parts, according to Philo, the rational soul, the irrational or sensuous soul, and the body. The irrational soul is in the blood, and as all matter is evil, man's body and the irrational soul must have been created by the intermediary beings, nay, the whole nature of the wicked was the work of their hands. The rational soul of the good alone is directly from God Himself, it is part of Him, an *ἀπόσπασμα* of the Divine nature, it was breathed into man by God, as Genesis relates, and it is this which makes man the image of God. Elsewhere he describes man's soul as a portion of the finest ether, which is living and divine; or as a spiritual being who existed before the body and was attracted to it by pleasure, but only to be enclosed therein as in a prison-house. Sensuous pleasure, as coming from the body, is evil and typified in Scripture by the serpent. Thus the fall is ascribed to sensuous pleasure, alluring our first parents to carnal indulgence, whence spring all the sin and prevarications in the world.

He has very little to say about the Messiah, the national

<sup>1</sup> *Vide supra.*

hope and bond of union, the object of all prophecy, the antitype of all the ritual, the very reason of Israel's being. Yet the expectation was too large a portion of the life of every Jew to be entirely absent, and Philo looked forward to the time when every Jew should be converted to virtue, and their pagan masters, ashamed to detain such men in bondage, would release them, and the dispersed would be gathered together from the four quarters of the world, and, led by a Divine apparition, would come back to the Holy Land, where the wilderness would be inhabited and the soil flow again with milk and honey.

Philo is much more cosmopolitan than the Jews of Palestine. All men who would perfectly subdue all their sensuous inclinations, their pride and all the vices of the soul, and then wholly abandon, and as it were, go out of self, might attain to perfect bliss and peace in the vision of God, even here on earth. All men who followed God, and lived according to nature, were good, of whatever nation or position in life they might be. Such were the wise men of Greece, the Gymnosophists of India, and above all the Jewish Essenes, "who serve God in the highest sanctity, not by sacrificing victims, but by disposing their own souls to holiness." Much of his picture of the perfect man is borrowed from the Stoics, but he differs from the Stoics and becomes an Eastern Quietist by attributing virtue, not to man's own exertions, but wholly and entirely to the direct action of God's grace on the soul.

These items scarcely give an idea of the extent to which Greek philosophy had influenced Philo. He must be regarded not as a theologian, but as an eclectic Greek philosopher, with the religious earnestness and fiery enthusiasm of the Jew, dashed with a considerable mixture of Eastern mysticism. In his hands the Bible becomes transformed into all that he considered best and noblest of all the systems with which his wide culture had made him acquainted.

How different he is from the Palestinian Pharisee! We see in him none of that narrow exclusiveness of education, social intercourse or religious intolerance, which characterized the Pharisee. Though the Jews were the special favourites of God, through whom God gave the priceless treasures of His wisdom to the world, yet the true Israel, *i.e.*, according to Philo, *those who see God*, are all who lead a virtuous life by living according to reason. The Messiah, who occupied so large a share in the thoughts and desires of the Jews of the Holy Land, is almost

lost sight of in Philo, the hedge of the Law is all but unknown to him, of rigorous externalism he has none, with him God looks at the heart of the giver rather than at the gift. Our Alexandrian Jew had exchanged the fringes and phylacteries of the Pharisee for the long robe of the Greek philosopher, he had bartered away revealed dogma for the philosophic notions of Plato, Zeno, Aristotle, Pythagoras, and Zoroaster.

Judaism had fulfilled its mission: it was a ripe fruit which was already cracking and falling to the earth. In the Holy Land our Lord compared the Pharisees to "a plant which His Heavenly Father had not planted," and which "was to be rooted up." In Alexandria, Philo and others had been pouring the new wine of Greek philosophy into the old bottles of Judaism, no wonder that the bottles burst. Philo had no successors, other than the Gnostics, Docetæ, Arians, and many more heretics of the first ages of the Church, who for the most part drew largely from him.

On Philo's relation to Christianity we have hardly touched, as the subject did not enter into the limits which we had assigned to this essay. However, we may be permitted to remark that in him we see what Christianity would have been, if it had been a mere human development resulting from the fusion of Hebrew theology and Greek thought. And herein lies his chief importance for us now-a-days. We admit that many of the early Fathers borrowed much of his vocabulary, that the Alexandrian Fathers in particular were much indebted to him for the form in which they presented moral teaching, that some even followed him too far perhaps in the allegorical interpretation of Holy Scripture. How they could do all this and yet admit no human elements into revealed truth, and in what they differed from Philo, must be left to another occasion.

T. SLATER.

### *Delineators of Irish Manners.*

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A GENTLEMAN once going to visit Rome was asked if he had read Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Transformations*, because, if not, said the venerable ecclesiastic who vouchsafed the advice, "read it—it is the best guide to Rome." Now, what book written by an Irish pen would be to Ireland, what Nathaniel Hawthorne's work is to Rome? There are many Irish novelists, who are men of prominent literary fame, and who have made the life and manners of their countrymen the subject of their sketching. But which of these is the most characteristic of Irish customs and modes of thought?

Gerald Griffin is by all Irishmen admitted to be the novelist of Ireland *facile princeps*, and *The Collegians* his most famous work. But a stranger would get from *The Collegians* no idea of Irish life as it really exists among the peasantry. His *Myles Na' Coppelleen* is by no means a thing of the past; nor again is his amusing race-course where the *staggeens* (or poor broken-down horses) act the Derby or the St. Leger; such a race-course may still be met with, quite as primitive as regards rules, but a little better equipped and more presentable in the way of horse-flesh and horse-gear. Kyrle Daly and Hardress Cregan, being types of what is noble and enduring, or impetuous and ill-advised in humanity, will remain true as long as this mortality of ours has not put on its immortality. But for the rest, the work is as characteristic of the Irish peasantry as it is of any other nation in the globe. It is remarkable for the interest and development of the tale, and not for its delineation of Irish life. In his minor works, the reader has a much better insight into Irish character. His Munster Festivals, Card-Drawing, Half-Sir, Shuil Dhuv the Coiner, are full of traits, and yet one must have lived among the peasantry to be able to discern when the writer is serious, and describing actual things, or when one of his characters is "taking the loan" of you. Gerald Griffin then, though an Irish author, and the first by common consent

among Irish writers of fiction, is not the one whose writings I would put into the hand of a stranger that desired to obtain a true idea of the men and manners of the neighbouring isle.

In fame, Banim approaches next to Griffin, as an Irish novelist. There were two brothers, Michael and John Banim, and singularly enough, they helped each other out with their tales. Sometimes their writings are known as the works of the Brothers Banim; sometimes certain works are attributed to Michael, and certain others to John; but it is a case of the mother that had to put a red ribbon on one of the twins, and a green on the other, to distinguish them. John Banim and Michael are, in their writings, as like as twins. It is a pity that in almost all their writings there seems a straining after effect. The mysterious, and the monstrous, and the murderous, seemed to them the proper material for novel-writing. Crohoore-na-bill-hook is sharpening his bill-hook by *the hob* (the chimney-corner) on Christmas Eve. The plentiful peat fire is glowing on the hearth. The comfortable farmer and his wife and their only child, a daughter, are there. All the beautiful memories that make Christmas sacred are woven in the tale. The master of the house orders Crohoore to do something. Crohoore grumbles. The farmer gives him a blow. Crohoore starts up to obey; but as he is going out the door to perform the message, he is noticed to cast a glance of evil omen on the farmer. They retire to rest, and next morning (Christmas morning) the neighbours find the farmer and his wife murdered, the bill-hook lying beside them smeared with blood, the daughter spirited away, and Crohoore not to be found. All through the tale Crohoore is most mysterious. The reader hardly knows what to make of him. A natural being could never perform the feats he does, or be so ubiquitous. Like the evil seer in *The Lady of the Lake*, he seems a creature bred between the living and the dead. In this tale there are, here and there, snatches of fireside manners and modes of thought. But the work as a whole would give no idea of the Irish peasantry in their daily life. The best of the works written by the Brothers Banim is the tale called *Father Connell*. In this tale there is neither such startling power nor such an array of mysterious incidents as in *Crohoore of the Bill-hook*; there is more of quiet writing, and closer analysis of character combined with a calm description of rural scenery and Irish village-life; and this work in consequence is one that would lead us to a truer insight into Irish character and feeling than any of the others.



Carleton is the only one of these early writers that, after Miss Edgeworth, laid himself down to etch the manners living as they rose. Carleton comes from the north of Ireland, and his descriptions are all taken from that portion of the country. Carleton was born of poor Catholic parents. He left his native place to seek after learning. In his wanderings he became private tutor in a gentleman's family in the county Louth, where he lived several years. Afterwards he proceeded to Dublin, and became connected with the Press, thus commencing a career that brought him great literary fame as one of the greatest living delineators of Irish character, but little wealth. His widow and two daughters were left in very straitened circumstances at the time of his death, and Government pension which they then received came as a God-send. His traits and stories of the Irish character are inimitable. His Dancing-Master, his Fiddler, his Match-Maker, are real sketches from nature. The pride and pompous etiquette of the Dancing-Master was looked upon as a marvel by his rustic disciples. The academy was the clay-floor (often newly-patched for the occasion) of an outhouse, a barn, or some other disused apartment. The scholar was shown how to scrape his bow when entering. A friend describes two such academies to the present writer thus: "One was a barn," he says, "the other was a smoky kitchen, the roof of which was propped, mainly supported by stakes fixed in the ground, and into which we entered, after wading through a muddy pool where the ducks waddled by turns and swam, we entered (I say) by diligently cleaning our *brogues* on a *scraw* of earth laid at the *thrashle* (threshold) of the door. God help me! but I was the stupid-legged urchin! For the better part of my 'quarter' (a 'quarter' consisted generally of six weeks) I was kept at the rudiments of the art. Twice each day I was duly 'handed,' that is to say, put out on the middle of the floor, and made to go through my 'step' (lesson), and twice as duly relegated to a corner to practise the graceful alpha of the terpsichorean science, 'the grind.' Oh, my blessings on that grind; I was active and passive, present, past and future, grind, ground, ground! I 'grinded' till I ground the top off my boot and the clay off the floor; and at the end I was just as advanced as I was at the beginning. And all those that were 'pupils' in that academy gone and scattered! The professor himself, with his graceful legs, his cane, his slender boot, his whistle, dead! and the academy laid as low on the breast of mother-earth!"

Carleton, in his description of the Irish Dancing-Master, his wonderful agility of foot, his suppleness, his love of the profession, &c., does him justice; but it is in his photography of the pompousness of the professor, and the airs and the exaction of proper respect to himself and rigid punctiliousness to the etiquette of entering and leaving the academy, sweeping the right foot with a lunar motion behind the left and bowing the body to a due humility, that the pen in Carleton's hand becomes a brush of magic.

The Fiddler is a more loveable being than the dancing-master. The fiddler is blind. He promises the little boys that he will bring them small fiddles as soon as the ould fiddle has young ones. He calls for a light when the dancing is at its height to mend his broken catgut, and then laughs and awakes a laugh at the unthinking person that brought a lighted candle to a blind man.

Carleton's Match-Maker is an old beggar-woman that goes about the country parts, sitting down in each house and having a *shanachus* (a conversation) at each fireside as she goes along. Even at present in country parts it is quite a usual thing for such a person to be asked to convey a message about marriage, or to "introduce a match, between two young persons." This is done with the knowledge of the parents, and in most cases with the wish of the interested parties. Sometimes the young people may know nothing about it, the old wiseacres of the families doing the preliminary business. Sometimes the message is well received by the party to whom she conveys it. Sometimes she is told "never mention that again," which means that the message is not welcome, and sometimes she may be ordered to quit the house for "daring" to bring such a message. From this it will be seen that the match-maker in her way must be somewhat of a diplomatist. Sometimes the young parties will send messages themselves by the old woman, and then her bag or her apron is sure to be well filled, especially by the young girl. The words that Carleton puts on the old woman's lips are sometimes very expressive, as well as illustrative, of Irish modes of thought—"When I mentioned your name to her," the old dame whispers into a swain's ear, "you'd take the blood from her cheek with the point of a rush."

In Carleton's Party-Fight and Funeral there is some beautiful and highly descriptive writing. The unfortunate custom that it depicts is, however, a thing of the past. His most touching

work is his tale of the *Poor Scholar*. Until recent years the Poor Scholar was quite an institution in Ireland. From the north and west the poor Catholic boy came to the south of Ireland. He was received into one of the farmer's houses—sometimes he spent years in the same house; sometimes he spent one night in one house, another night in another. He was never fearful for his night's lodging or food. The young boys of the school dragged him from one another. I remember a free-fight among us boys, because one boy wanted to carry the stranger boy several nights running; and it was only when we saw his tears falling down that we stopped.

It is a pity that Carleton lent himself at times to caricature and exaggeration, for the tender and beautiful writing of which he was an undoubted master, was thus greatly spoiled, and those works of his which might have represented to the life our character and manners could no longer be relied upon as faithful portraits of national idiosyncracies.

As painters of national manners no one accustomed to Ireland would dream of mentioning the names of Lever or Lover. Their free rollicking characters may help to while away an idle hour, but they are of no value as representations of the country's manners and customs.

Since the authoress of *Castle Rackrent* dropped her pen, no one arose to paint the life and habits, the joys and griefs of our peasantry with the delicate and sympathetic touch of Charles Kickham. If a stranger came and lived in their houses, looked on their acts with his own eyes, and with his own ears heard the words that fell from their lips, he could not bear away with him a more accurate knowledge of the character of our peasantry than he will obtain from reading *The Homes of Tipperary*. *Knocknagow*, or, *The Homes of Tipperary*, is a *Deserted Village* in prose, only with much greater variety and detail. There is not a character scarcely in Irish peasant life that is not there brought before the reader, arrayed in the costume of the country, and speaking no language but the language of the Irish peasant. For native colouring and description it is the gem of Irish books, and its simplicity and whole-souled sympathy make it doubly and trebly dear to the Irish heart. Charles Kickham was a man of artless disposition, of guileless nature, of simple and childlike credence. He believed a thing to be true, and worlds could not turn him from that, while it remained true and right in his mind. He was born in the country, and reared up among

its associations. He loved the green of the fields, the dew of the morning, the laughter of children; while his heart ached with the sorrows of the poor. All that surrounded him became a part of him, and when he wrote his book, it was like a man unfolding his own inner consciousness, and telling about things that were as much his own as the adventures of his school-days. The poor are in his book, with their few wants and fewer foibles, but with their noble love for one another. Mat Donovan and Billy Heffernan, and Mat's mother, in their tidy neat cottage, and his sister; and poor Billy, with his mule and his flute, living all alone in the bog. Phil Lahy, that breaks his pledge only when he feels the little "ailment," and Tommy, that climbs all the trees in the neighbourhood and whistles with the bird in the cage, and poor invalided *Norah*, the noblest character (if patient suffering makes one noble) that one meets in the whole book, or perhaps in any other book. And the people up at the big house—Miss Kearney, charitable and good, and silent, as if some depression were at her heart; Dick, the young doctor in the family; the old Mr. Kearney, hospitable, with little or no idea of balancing a year's income with a year's outlay; the eldest son, keeping a ledger, and finding that they are yearly deepening into debt, rather than getting out of it, all the time doing his best to work out of debt, and keeping the matter a secret, locked up in his own bosom for fear it may mar the family happiness. All the other individuals of a country life—the clergyman, the attorney and his family, the bachelor spend-thrift, the toiling farmer, the evicted tenant, the agent, the landlord—all are depicted to the life. The book indeed makes you sad, just as does the view of the ruined cottages and of the overthrown fences in the fields as you pass through our countryside. But as, notwithstanding these, it is pleasurable to go along, and view the innocent rural scene, and quietly exult in its balmy atmosphere, so, in the same way, though the book makes you sad, you cannot help loving it.

If a foreigner, who was unable to see for himself, asked me to put a book into his hands that would give him a tolerably correct idea of the homes of our country and their in-dwellers, I would put Kickham's work into his hands, and say: "That will give you not only a tolerably correct idea, but an absolutely correct idea of what you want to know."

There is another book that would "stand companion-like with" Kickham's *Knocknagow*. This work is *Light and Shade*, by

Miss O'Brien. It is occupied with a later date and later events in our country's life than Kickham's tale. On this account it would be the more interesting work of the two, but it is not so transparent in its sympathy, nor is it so Goldsmith-like in its simplicity as *Knocknagow*. If one had not a personal knowledge of the authoress, one would hardly have known whether her sympathy was with her people, or against them.<sup>1</sup>

Irish society at present is broadly divided into the peasant class and the landlord class. Miss O'Brien's book is highly valuable for its able and accurate analysis of Irish character after this division. Religious persecution, famine, misinterpretation, laws bearing hardly on the poor and lightly on the rich, and the administration of the laws. "Having got so far in his thoughts (she is describing the absentee landlord that has come over to see his estate, and he has arrived at the same conclusion with regard to the laws that Sir Redvers Buller did almost the other day in Kerry):—"Having got so far in his thoughts, he came to the very original conclusion that it was necessary to live in Ireland to understand the Irish."<sup>2</sup>

To these two books I would add just two others—A. M. Sullivan's *New Ireland*, which need not be characterized, and Mr. T. M. Healy's brochure, *Why is there a Land League?* the result of his notes for the lawyers in the famous State trial of the Queen v. Parnell and others. This last-named work gives a list of the special commissions, the suggestions, the legislation, the evidence, and the results (such as they are) of all the Parliamentary action of the last fifty years. With these four works beside one — Charles Kickham's *Knocknagow*; Miss O'Brien's *Light and Shade*; A. M. Sullivan's *New Ireland*; and Mr. Healy's *Why is there a Land League?* a stranger can, in my opinion, obtain a correct idea of Irish manners and customs as they exist at present in Ireland itself.

R. O. KENNEDY.

<sup>1</sup> See "Our Poets," by Charlotte G. O'Brien. *Irish Monthly*, December, 1888.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. i. p. 146.

## *Olympias.*

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### CHAPTER VI.

#### VIEWS.

OLYMPIAS had left her father and Theodore to make what progress they could towards intimacy; but she joined them in the dining-hall, arrayed in a rich silken robe bordered with gold, which suited well her majestic style of beauty. One superb ruby alone adorned her raven tresses, and it gleamed and sparkled from its soft repose, as if challenging the spectator to find aught that could compare with its proud, handsome owner.

Sounds of subdued music blended with the low tones of his cousin, aromatic perfumes filled the air with delicate scents, silver and glass sparkled in the roseate light which filled the room; and Theodore reclining on a couch gave himself up to the delicious intoxication of the hour without a sigh of regret, or remembrance at what he had left behind.

His perfect satisfaction at such surroundings beamed from his face, and his bright joyous laughter, drew corresponding smiles from the blasé diplomat, and from the grave and earnest Olympias.

It was new to her to find one who neither flattered nor fawned. It was new to her to find, that she was not made obtrusively the object and centre of all conversation. Theodore was accustomed to this position himself and lightly and brightly assumed it, she yielding with an amused smile and falling naturally into the second place.

Theodore was full of instinctive talent, which made him quickly take the cue from those around him and ingratiate himself into their good opinion.

Nor was this done by design. He was incapable of that concentration of mind required for plot or plan. Rather, his versatility of genius caused him to sport with people's characters,



making no study of them, just using them for his own ends, and then throwing them away, unaware of the wounds inflicted by this dangerous game.

An astute statesman could have governed nations from the knowledge thus gained of the faults and follies of his associates; but such a study never entered Theodore's head for a moment. His one aim was pleasure. He seemed endowed with no conscience, no heart, no mind. His soul was apparently but a blank, glittering surface, like a polished steel mirror, which reflected everything near it, brightly, vividly, keenly, and then faded away as if it had never been.

"And what was the state of affairs in Asia?" asked Phidias, as the sparkling wine was passed round, in goblets studded with gems, and he leisurely sipped the contents.

"Asia is quiet now," replied Theodore: "she looks forward with dread to the approach of these Western barbarians, who inflict much harm on the country."

"They are a subtle foe, and sap the very foundations of our prosperity," said Olympias energetically.

"The Emperor would have fared badly without them," remarked her father, "in that last outburst of rage from the lower orders, when his own guards were sluggish and disorderly. These bands of blue-eyed Northmen quelled the insurrection, and before night fell the city was at peace."

"Yes: but how long can we reckon on their friendship or fidelity? Any moment they may make demands inconsistent with our honour, or charge more for their services than we can afford to pay. If such a contingency occurs we shall be completely at their mercy, for the port, arsenal, and the straits will be in their hands."

"Olympias, with all her famed sagacity, fails to pierce the Emperor's motive," rejoined Phidias quietly. "These stalwart followers of the lusty Philip, the chivalrous Richard, cannot live long without brawling and fighting. By detaining them on various pretexts and so giving Syria time to arm, they will inevitably quarrel among themselves, separate in hatred, or destroy each other, in either case weaken their forces irretrievably."

"Such motives are unworthy of the Emperor, and sound more like the advice of evil counsellors," said Olympias, with a keen glance at Phidias, which caused him to lower his eyes. "It is the height of dishonour to make a compact with an

army for the express purpose of destroying it; and still worse to feign an interest in the cause of Christianity as a feint to ruin those engaged in its defence. You wary politicians are ever seeking to increase the prosperity of one state, by the downfall of another. You are always tumultuous and apprehensive, and, I will allow, great in scheming, fertile in resources. But what is the end of it all? Is our Empire at peace? Are the arts flourishing? Is our country reviving after its long period of crushing ignominy? Why not be fair and honest? Why not believe that Philip and Richard ask only a safe passage through the land, and give them what they want, instead of probing for hidden motives? Open and straightforward policy *must* answer best in the long run. You will lose yourselves in your tortuous defiles, and disappear in a labyrinth of your own making. If the Crusaders did effect a permanent footing in the East, we should be hemmed in by them, and must surrender."

"But they never would," interrupted Theodore, eagerly, "the nation would never permit it. Even those Christians who called most loudly for them, now dread their arrival; for they bring a host of evils in their train. They tyrannize over those whom they have freed from the Saracen yoke, and we have to consider the chance of their failing in their struggle against the Mahometans, then how piteous our case. Force will reign supreme and the hands of the infidel lie heavily on our necks."

Olympias beamed on him, and her fervent glance of approbation encouraged him to continue:

"The probability of their effecting a permanent footing in Asia is small indeed. They only come over in bands, and however well-trained these bands may be, we can easily subdue them band by band, surrounded as we are by our own resources."

"You have a sanguine temperament," responded Phidias, "battles are not so easily fought and won by a country drained of those resources of which you speak so confidently."

"Our native courage and desperation will never fail," said Theodore, loftily.

"Courage and desperation are not the only requisites," remarked Olympias. "There is one utterly wanting in our poor land—unanimity. People do not obey as in olden times."

"I know it," rejoined Theodore, a smile lurking about his

lips. "They imagine they know everything and that education has given them a right to dictate on all State questions."

Phidias looked up alarmed, for his proud daughter brooked no opposition, nor allowed her opinions to be set down as nothing.

"Those whom you describe," she answered unmoved, "are in the crudest condition. Education teaches us indeed to employ our mental faculties and develope our powers of thought; but it also teaches the necessity of obedience, and the honour of graceful subjection."

"Yes, but it does not clearly point out to whom," persisted Theodore, undaunted by the gathering frown upon her brow. "You all use your vaunted freedom of intellect to select your own leader, John, or Anne, or Alexis, as the case may be."

"You are right," she said musingly, leaning her head on an exquisitely moulded hand, "but the intellect that can exercise itself so far as to discriminate between claimants, ought to have sufficient sagacity to bow silently for the country's good before that one ultimately chosen."

"Has education ever produced such a result? States would never get governed at all if we were continually to appeal to the *reason* of the populace."

"And yet," she answered quietly, "in olden times what was more common than for the most celebrated orators to declaim to the mob? What was that but an appeal? Did they not work upon the feelings of the multitude till they had gained such a mastery over them that they could sway them at their will? At the present day the Government of the State is carried on by privy councils and secret meetings, the object of which we can gather only by the results. We are treated as slaves and must live in the dark and obey in the dark."

"You forget, such is the fate of all conquered countries," interposed Phidias, with a furtive smile.

"Forget?" she repeated, and there was a haughty ring in the vibrating tones, "does a captive Greek ever forget? We are slaves, and we know it, but let us not, like the Jews in Babylon, sit down and lament our fate. Let us pass the dreary days of captivity in restoring the ancient spirit of liberty which burns but dimly in the breasts of most, and ere long the era of freedom will dawn on our weary eyes, and the rosy flush from the East will be the harbinger of a great and glorious period of peace and prosperity."

There was silence when the beautiful prophetess ceased to speak.

Her words awoke a responsive echo in the hearts of all present. Phidias was filled with a half-pity half-scorn at the wild visionary dreams of the fair enthusiast. Theodore's chest heaved with emotion, and his eyes seemed to catch a reflection of her ardent gaze, as his vivid imagination soared with hers into the impossible future.

The conversation, however, was not resumed.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### FASCINATION.

PHIDIAS called for some music, the lyre was brought and its liquid strains now sank now rose through the cool evening air. Theodore was asked for a national song; taking a lute he charmed his audience by the purity and pathos of his notes.

Olympias' eyes filled with strangely sweet tears; an emotion so rare, that fearing notice she rose and walked out into the cool shady grove, where the music was heard faintly but clearly, playing with exquisite pathos on each highly wrought feeling of her soul.

What was there in this careless buoyant stranger that could so strongly stir her heart? The music ceased and soft footsteps glided to her side.

Neither spoke, but they watched silently the babbling fountain, dashing its silver spray on olive and myrtle shrubs, fragrant in the moonlight. The breeze slumbered fitfully in the arbutus grove; garlands of ivy twined round broken shaft and ancient capital; the stars gleamed on graceful orange and citron tree, and the moisture rising from the sward, cast its floating shroud over the white statues that stood as guardian spirits there amid the flowering acacias and dark oleanders.

"It seems to me," said Theodore, "that when pale twilight fades and earth is locked in the cold embrace of night, our coarser nature is absorbed, and our spirits are free to hold communion with souls like unto ours."

"Night is outwardly serene and peaceful," replied Olympias, "and under this moonlit sky it is difficult to believe that not

far from here, is the tumult and clash of arms, the giddy maze of the Court, and the mad revel of the pleasure-seeker. Yet even here the silence is only outward, for thought slumbers not. One almost hears the surgings of the mind; as thought breathes through the heart like breezes rustling in the cool night in a forest."

"Yet breezes become monotonous, and we long for a fierce storm to dash away too placid peace. Do you never long for the splendour of the Imperial Court?"

"No: life can never be dull to one who has high aims to accomplish. Every event of life is a new fabric, out of which we can fashion what we will. Those who have most spirit make the most of life. To them each occurrence brings out fresh ideas, and may be the commencement of a life-stirring drama."

Theodore gazed in wonder at the speaker who had such a passionate nature controlled by strong self-mastery. He understood her but dimly, but he understood, and his artistic temperament appreciated to the full, the sight of her as she stood there in the bright moonlight. It was a pleasure to watch the play of emotion round her lips which were capable of expressing love and tenderness, scorn and contempt, which parted but to utter high-souled aspirations or glowing contempt at the crime and folly she was so powerless to lessen.

To hear her speak was joy to his art-loving nature and to provoke her he said, "Life to you is great and glorious, but it lasts not for ever. Reward does not correspond with our efforts."

"Be it so," she replied quietly, "the web of life is woven of necessity and chance. Reason stands between them, and I hold the thread. Our fate is sealed before we exist, but though the end must be as the gods decree, the way it comes about is in our hands. Blind we must be, for our intelligence is clouded, for we are but mere mortals; the day will come however when the veil shall fall from our eyes, and we shall see with a piercing sight that shall dissipate all gloom. Then doubt will be dispelled and uncertainty swept away, and dazzling rays reflected through the purified atmosphere of our minds."

"But all will not arrive at that land of which you speak?"

"No: only those who struggle worthily through life for freedom of mind, who devote themselves to the culture of the understanding and the restraint of the will."

"Oh," he exclaimed involuntarily, "such a life would be a per-

petual struggle. Let us follow nature, and nature alone. Why prepare for a state that may not be? Cull the roses that bloom now, enjoy their perfume, then toss them away and cull some more; waste no moment of this precious life in regret or memory. We are all seated in the chariot of Time: *you* would hold the reins and guide the steeds; *I* prefer to sit and shut my eyes, letting them take me whither they will."

If another had spoken thus she would have despised him as an aimless butterfly; but already in her soul glowed the tender fire of compassion at his state, and an ardent desire to lead him to the worship of her own goddess—Wisdom. So with unusual gentleness she answered, "Are you not like a man seated in a skiff without rudder or oar? The winds blow and the tempest rages, and the voyager is completely at their mercy."

"Continue the allegory," he said with his joyous smile; "the man can swim, and the man can float; wherever he lands is home to him, for nature is his mother and she is found 'neath every sky."

She gazed thoughtfully at his bright face, and sunny eyes, and unclouded brow, and the thought darted through her mind like a stab of pain: could he be right and she wrong? Was all her yearning after intellectual freedom, after social pureness, a vain and fruitless dream? Was her passionate search after "the perfect way," her painful study of conflicting philosophies and conflicting creeds, but a useless striving for the "unattainable"?

Nature was his guide, and nature had treated him kindly; there was no trace of care on his face, no line to mark anguish of mind, perplexity of thought. The idea was a painful one, and she sought to banish it as she said more to herself than to him: "Nature may give a more peaceful life to those who yield her undisputed sway, but reason is a nobler mistress, and I hold it more honourable to labour, to struggle, and to perish, if needs be, in pursuit of a high and sacred cause, than to linger through life like a dummy among the crowd, with brain unused and faculties laid dormant, to sink ignobly into an unhonoured grave."

"What matters our reputation when we are dead?" he asked, with a careless laugh. "We are not there to hear; we are not there to see. When the end comes to a devotee of nature, he is lulled to the last repose in her arms and slumbers tranquilly, unconscious of what he leaves behind."

"Do you not feel," she exclaimed, "that there is something



within you superior to death, something which tells you, death is the beginning, not the end?"

Her eyes were turned full upon him with an almost painful intensity of expression, but his surface mind could not fathom hers, and he returned her gaze with one of untroubled clearness.

"No," he replied simply: "such feelings never trouble me; I never seek to know more than the moment requires."

She half sighed, as they turned and retraced their steps along the cypress path to the marble pillared house. They entered the passage of fluted columns lighted by alabaster lamps suspended from silver chains.

"We are beginning life in different grooves," Theodore broke the silence by saying lightly; "we will see who proves the wiser."

"I warn you," was her earnest reply, "that I shall endeavour to make you agree with me, and shall expect you to listen to reason from my lips."

"Anything taught by so fair an opponent is dangerously convincing."

The sarcastic rejoinder which generally quashed any attempt at compliment was not forthcoming to-night, and this fact betrayed but too plainly how Theodore's strange influence was closing round her too.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DAWN OF GRACE.

WHEN they entered the luxurious apartment, they found that the music had ceased, and Phidias was poring over his favourite parchments.

"My travelling has brought me through many strange scenes," remarked Theodore. "My next resting-place will be, I suppose, the Imperial Court, where I shall behold that Princess for whom you entertain so profound an affection."

"When must you be there?"

"I fear much that I dare not tarry. Provided with introductions through your kindness, I must unfortunately tear myself away."

"Do you regret it?"

The rich voice so lofty to all, was subdued as she spoke to

him. She wished to convert him, she dreaded the ill-effects of Court-life on one who held such views, she would save him if she could from the snares she knew so well, but for which she thought his innocence was unprepared ; and her regret was more apparent than she knew, as she slowly repeated : "Do you regret it?"

"Can you ask such a question," he replied reproachfully. "Does not the earth feel sorrow when the sun draws in its light?"

"Wherefore not delay and accompany my father and me to Byzantium? We should be pleased to introduce our kinsman."

He hesitated. For the first time he remembered he was not his own master now. He had to obey the mandates of "the Council," which had decreed his immediate removal to Byzantium. There was also a faint glimmering notion in his mind that to dally here, was to break a vow he had made, not to the dreaded "Council," but before a tribunal still more sacred.

So he replied not.

A flush spread over his cousin's face.

"Think not," she said coldly, "it matters aught to us. My motive was the furthering of your cause. But if you long for the gilded pleasures within your grasp, far be it from me to detain you."

Theodore was sensitive to every variation of mood and manner. He could not live out of harmony with any one. Olympias was keeping him for his own sake, so she reasoned to herself, and for his sake she let him smooth away her impending wrath, and promise to delay till she bid him go.

So Theodore lingered ; and Olympias, intent in her absorbing task of teaching reason to her dangerous kinsman, delayed to say the word which should throw them into the whirl of Court society where they would have seen but little of one another.

They spent much time in prolonged discussion, for she was earnest in her endeavours. She read to him from her favourite authors, as he lay at her feet in shady arbour or secluded grove, listening to the rise and fall of her expressive voice, and gazing with delight on her rare and intellectual beauty. She began to feel the time hang heavy when this bright-faced son of Apollo was not by her side. She, who had scorned the very name of love, now trembled with a rare pleasure at each glance from Theodore.

In strong and pure love there is always something maternal,

something protective which would wind the arms of tenderness round the beloved one and love to shield him from harm, that would rejoice in the thought that her suffering saved him pain, that her insight sharpened by affection warded off evil. Olympias watched with joy the apparent growth of her powerful influence.

Throwing himself heartily into all her pursuits, seeing with her eyes, hearing with her ears, Theodore could not imagine how he had ever existed in any other state. Listening to her flashes of eloquence, following her brilliant flights of imagination, seeing her daily deeds of charity, he seemed drawn by the influence of her superior mind from the dust of his indolence to share her thoughts and her ideas. And Olympias smiled proudly and gladly as in her levées she heard him defend her favourite theories, and by ingenious casuistry rout his antagonists. The shallowness of his mind she was too noble to mistrust, too lofty to read him aright. So the haughty imperious Athenian yielded to the winning half-boy half-man, and sought to lead him into regions of exalted thought, and only smiled halt-vexed, half-amused, as he laughingly slid down to the mossy sward of nature, and lured her to descend to a sphere more congenial to his pleasure-loving temperament.

Once, when Theodore was out alone, he met Sebas, who handed him a missive from his betrothed, Zoe. On reading her simple trustful words, a rush of tender memory came over him; a longing seized him to behold once more the white-robed maid with the lily brow, and he sent a message that he would be at the temple the following day.

This memory was so strong that he actually, without saying a word to Olympias, set out the next day, and traversed once more the depths of the tangled forest.

Zoe was waiting, and the delicate blush on her face, the modest droop of the eyelids, sent a thrill through his heart of deep tender affection.

As they trod the verdant sward together, he resolved to give up all restless ambition, and dwell in this peaceful retirement, in the company of her whose very presence was like a soft breeze, faintly stirring yet sweetly soothing the emotions of his heart.

"You are always happy, little Zoe?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied simply, "I am never lonely, I have my birds and my flowers, and the thought that God sees me and loves me is happiness sufficient."

"All cannot feel content in the knowledge that they are never alone," he said uneasily.

"How can it bring anything but peace?" she asked with wide open eyes; "unless it be to the wicked? Is it not sweet to know that He who sways the world at His will, and owns each sparkling star, can yet remember me, and bows down even to my heart, I so small and mean, yes, may call myself His child?"

She had forgotten Theodore; her hands were folded and her eyes were raised to Heaven. She looked more like some angel that had strayed from Paradise than a sin-begotten wanderer on this earth.

"Yet sometimes it is a relief to believe we are alone," persisted Theodore.

"A relief only to the bad. The lover of lies may like secrecy. To him the wind in the wood, the ripple in the stream whisper terror to his soul. But to those who are upright and pure, life should be one smiling meadow as each moment brings them nearer to the golden portals of death, where a merciful Judge waits to greet them with His all-merciful smile."

"But God is terrible," said Theodore with a shudder; "He threatens, and what He threatens comes to pass."

"He may have written His Name in letters of flame on the hearts of the wicked, but it is planted in fragrant flowers in the hearts of the good."

"If people are good they have to struggle and to fight," said Theodore in a dubious tone.

"No one can pass through life without an effort," she said sagely, "but when we remember that every attempt towards goodness, however weak, is met with loving compassion, is it not worth a trial? and when weary with repeated falls, is it not sweet to know that death will soon be here, and bear us to the feet of a loving Saviour who yearns to draw us safe into harbour? Oh," she continued softly, "the thought of God makes all life joy. It is as the bright gleam through blackest cloud, as the flower that unfolds its petals smiling in gladsome glee."

"Supposing death ends all?"

The words came involuntarily, almost against his will.

A startled pained look stole into Zoe's eyes.

"Would you make the grave deep and still, a dark gulf through which no light can pierce? Do not our good deeds

ring clear through Heaven like a bell? Is there no one to hear, no one to see? Are we all to die and leave the nightingales to sing to a desolate earth, are we to leave the roses and myrtle to bloom for none, and shed their fragrance to nought? Are our tears and prayers for the dearly-loved dead of no avail? Is there no one to listen, no one to be moved by our entreaties? It is you that would make life dark and full of sorrow, so dull, so dreary, if death meant the end. Is there not that within you which tells you, you can never die? a throbbing of the heart that tells you were not born to be dust and nothing more?"

As she was speaking, she approached him, intent on reading his answer. Theodore responded to the maiden's appeal, and the quiver that passed over his frame was as the movement of a startled child.

Yes, his conscience, which until now had smouldered fitfully, now leapt into existence to comfort or torment.

The sublime faith of this maiden had found an echo in his heart; he could have thrown himself on the ground, and burying his face in his hands, exclaimed:

"I believe; yes, my God, I believe."

The omnipotence of his Creator seemed to fill his soul with an overwhelming sense of his own weakness and insignificance. Truth and faith and religion awoke in Theodore's heart like long lost chords touched by an angel hand. Yet withal a strange sadness stole over his soul; the buoyant butterfly youth felt moved almost to tears.

Were they warning him that life taken boldly and earnestly is full of struggle, full of pain? Were they luring him back to careless pleasure, to heedless joy?

Alas! He would never be the same again. But the slender form of Zoe standing there reminded him he had one by his side ready to strengthen his weakness and dispel all fear.

"Zoe, I believe as you," he whispered with a new humbleness, "but pray, my loved one, that I may share your faith, your courage, and your hope."

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SHIELD OF ATHENS.

WHEN Theodore and Zoe entered the temple they found Demetrius in close converse with Sebas. The latter retired when they approached, with a glance at Theodore, which made him shudder; he knew not why. "Come hither, my son," said Demetrius; "we need your presence. Zoe will retire while we discuss subjects unsuited for her guileless ears." With a reluctant wistfulness Theodore watched her retire to her abode. She seemed to take with her an atmosphere of repose and strength.

His eyes were so full of intense admiration, superior to mere earthly love, that Demetrius was softened, and the suggestions prompted by Sebas faded from his mind.

"Methinks, my son," began Demetrius, keenly eyeing him, "you are but a laggard in our cause. How much longer will you tarry at your fair cousin's feet? Are the chains of bondage, formed by her noble hands, indissoluble?"

"Not so, my father," replied Theodore, with open, undaunted countenance. "Is it not true policy to proceed cautiously? I shall have greater chance of serving your own cause—if I wait to be presented to the Emperor by my kinswoman."

"Wherefore does Olympias delay?" asked the old man, impatiently. "Is the fate of our country to depend on a woman's whim? Bestir yourself, youth; urge Olympias to depart. Surely, if love of your country burns not within your veins, ambition will rouse you to action. Remember, your bride departs not from hence till your valour and fidelity are approved. Remember, I have staked much on your honour; you must redeem my trust."

"I will," cried Theodore, starting to his feet, his cheeks glowing with enthusiasm. "I am proud of your trust and consider it as a precious pledge. Fear not; your peerless daughter is ever in my thoughts, and I long for the hour when I can claim her as the reward of faithful service."

Demetrius gazed on the ardent youth whose every word vibrated with thrilling earnestness.

"You must be circumspect, my son," said Demetrius, with



a dry smile; "pomp and luxury will surround you; be not carried away by outward show or artful flattery. Olympias is an enthusiast in the enemy's cause; mistaken gratitude for her generous bounty must not lure you to forget your native land."

"Could I forget that I was a Greek? Could I forget that Zoe is the violet of Athens?" exclaimed Theodore, drawing himself up.

The old man smiled, inwardly well pleased. "Your difficulties are many," he said; "Phidias will be on the watch to ruin you; he hates a popular man. You, coming under such auspices and with your natural talents, are likely to have a run of Court favour. For us it would have been better if you had gone in simpler guise. However," he added, with a kindly smile, "we must not grudge youth its pleasures. But remember this, Court favour comes and Court favour goes. Trust no one, believe no one. Do I not know," he cried, the blood tingeing his withered cheek, "what it is to be flattered, courted, caressed? To see greedy sycophants pay homage to the reigning star? But wait awhile, and those same friends become treacherous foes who slander and utter lies. Use them, boy, then cast them away. Trample on them as vipers who would sting you if they dared. Beware of Phidias! intrigue is nature to him; he would betray his cause if interest urged."

"Are such tools worth the handling?" asked Theodore. "Phidias may embrace our cause to desert us again if fortune favours not our arms."

"Is it thus you speak of the holy cause?" said the enthusiast, reprovingly. "Can fortune withhold her favour from patriots brave and bold? We have right, religion, and reason on our side, and the blood of the slain cries out for vengeance. The Lord makes use of base instruments to effect His ends. Phidias will be useful, therefore we seek to gain him. Once ours, he dare not retract, for the daggers of a thousand patriots would be plunged into his heart."

Theodore's frame quivered as the old man uttered his threat and seemed to gloat in spirit over the vengeance executed on his foes.

But it was not often he gave way to such emotion; soon he recovered his habitual composure, and his confidence gradually returned as he saw how Theodore's fertility of imagination made him grasp every detail, and have a plan

prepared for each emergency. Demetrius listened and was fain to rejoice that he had gained one over to the cause so highly gifted.

He even yielded to the youth's subtle fascination so far as to unfold to him the history of his wrongs, and his eyes glowing with concentrated hate, the fanatic gloomily hinted that to stab or poison a foe was a glorious deed if done for the country's good.

Theodore listened and Theodore sympathized. When the conference was over he rose to depart with a vague feeling of uneasiness that the hour of pleasure was over and the time of discomfort had arrived. Wishing to have as few crumpled rose-leaves as possible he remarked lightly :

"I will come again once before I leave for the Court. It would not be wise to excite suspicion by frequent absence."

Demetrius glanced at him keenly from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, but could read nothing in the smooth open countenance which faced him.

"Love cannot keep from the object beloved," said the old man, oracularly.

"Perfect love is unselfish," said Theodore with a laugh. "If I was tracked and Zoe's residence discovered, should I ever forgive myself if she fell into the hands of our foes?"

Demetrius crossed himself.

"That she should never do," he muttered hoarsely. "My own dagger should pierce her breast rather than let her fall a victim to those hell-hounds."

"And mine also," exclaimed a deep voice behind them, "my body should be torn limb from limb ere one hair of her head should perish."

Theodore shivered and felt as if a dark shadow had fallen across his path.

"We doubt not Sebas," replied Demetrius soothingly. "More easily would I believe that the stars will cease to shine to-night than that thy fidelity should swerve."

Sebas appeared displeased, and advanced to the middle of the chamber.

"Our new confederate goes," he inquired, "to Byzantium?"

"Yes, our arrangements are complete, we wait only for the gracious Olympias."

"Methinks," said Sebas, scornfully, "that his tongue is

smooth, and his speech is fair. He should, with ease, bend woman to his will."

"I will promise that we shall be on the road ten days from hence," said Theodore, airily. "I will come for the written despatches, and then I shall know all."

He looked towards Zoe, wishing to bid her adieu. She came forward in answer to his glance.

Sebas gave a malicious chuckle.

"If you wish to communicate with our band," he said, "how will you know our confederates?"

"True," replied Demetrius, "my memory failed me. Theodore must have the badge which distinguishes all our associates. See here!"

He pulled up the sleeve of his tunic, and displayed a small blue shield worked into the flesh above the wrist.

"The shield which protects Athens," he explained. "The shield of Pallas. Give me the knife, Sebas, while I make the glorious incision on our brother here."

Instinctively Theodore drew back. Over his face came a change which drove out all life and brightness, leaving it full only of low animal fear.

Zoe looked at him in mild surprise. She, too, was marked with the same secret sign; she had not flinched at the necessary ordeal, why then he?

Sebas gave a short laugh as he handed the requisite instrument.

Theodore turned deadly pale.

"Zoe quailed not before the momentary pain," said Demetrius, with reproach in his voice. "She was proud to shed her maiden's blood for her country."

He bared her slender wrist, and pointed to the shield traced in her pure soft flesh.

Theodore held out his arm silently.

He could not help this nervous horror of pain. It was ingrained in his nature. This gifted sunny youth, who revelled in luxury as a cupid feasts on roses, shrank from corporal pain with a loathing which seemed despicable to those of less sensitive temperament.

He felt the knife pierce his skin, he saw the warm blood flow, a mist swam before his eyes, while tears fell on the bandage tightly wrapped round the arm.

Demetrius gave him a cordial.

"Thou hast scarcely recovered from thy wound," he said, kindly.

"He is of approved valour," interrupted Sebas, grimly, "the material of which a Greek hero is composed."

"There are higher qualities than mere animal strength," answered Demetrius, more sharply than was his wont. "Go thy way, Sebas, and make not enemies with thy carping tongue."

He retreated, casting malignant glances at Theodore and Zoe, who had withdrawn to the foot of the great white cross.

"You are going," said Zoe, half-mournfully, "into a world where I cannot follow to share your peril or to soothe your pain. But bear this talisman always about you, and whenever you see it, think of Zoe praying for you, thinking of you, loving you."

Between smiles and tears, the simple maid took from her bosom a small alabaster cross, round which an acanthus trailed, delicately and exquisitely carved.

Theodore kissed it reverently, as he bowed his head while she fastened it round his neck on a slight silver chain.

"It shall never leave me," he said, fervently, the spirit of religion again coming over him. "It shall help me to be faithful to the vows I have pledged, and teach me to deserve your trustful love."

Again a sort of melancholy stole over him, sadly sweet, and sweetly sad. And as he retraced his steps towards the fair false city, he was dimly conscious that the soul which Zoe's pure love had breathed into existence could never sleep again. He knew now what was right and what was wrong, and he knew, too, that the former meant struggling and strife, while the latter would cause remorse and tormenting stings, and effectually prevent any return to his previous idle drifting.

This he began already to experience. Olympias met him with a frown on her brow, and he quailed at her displeasure. Salving his mind with the excuse it was not polite to rouse her ire, he lied glibly and courteously, nor did he find it difficult to reinstate himself in her favour.

But conscience prevented him from feeling at ease, he felt he was not worthy of the forest maiden, and the knowledge gave him a keen and rare pain.

Still Olympias delayed her departure from Athens; she knew full well that at Court she could not keep this sparkling jewel to herself, nor would she enjoy those long conversations which were fast becoming almost necessary to her.

Did Theodore see? did Theodore know?

With soul awakening, he saw the maze, he felt the meshes close around him, but weakly made no effort to break from their toils.

At rare intervals he would steal to the dark pine grove and listen entranced to the persuasive sweetness of Zoe. Unknowingly she lulled into rest the fierce gnawings of his troubled soul. The weariness, the vexation, the rivalry which reigned around his cousin, all seeking to win her favour and grudging him her smiles sickened him, and made him turn in his disgust to the peace-breathing atmosphere which always environed Zoe.

Then one flash from the grand imperious eyes of Olympias dispelled all good resolutions, and his spirit exulted that he held in thrall this noble lordly creature. She had faults, he saw them, but like Tennyson's *Princess*,

She wore her errors like a crown.

Which did he really love? This question perplexed him mightily. He was dazzled by the brilliant Olympias. Dimly in his weak heart he felt how the passion and power of her nature transcended his own. Her daring ambition fired his feeble soul, her lofty aspirations kindled a kindred glow of virtue in his breast.

And yet, and yet what man allows a woman to be his superior in wit or wisdom, in passion or in strength?

In her presence he felt braced for any exertions, but away he confessed he could breathe more freely.

Olympias was always straining his intellect to its utmost point, in contrast to Zoe's implicit faith and perfect trust in him. And yet, the tortured man was not thoroughly happy when with her. Her very confidence caused him a thousand stabs. Bitterly did he regret being drawn into that dark plot, for he must prove traitor to one or the other.

Theodore was not essentially a bad man. He was ever yearning for what was higher, better, purer than himself, a pitiful admiration for those qualities which he did not possess himself.

It is in extreme youth that our feelings are supposed to have the most refined susceptibility, before any contact with the world has robbed them of their ingenuous freshness.

But Theodore, who seemed to have waited for Zoe to breathe

into him a conscience, suffered now as keenly and vividly as if every fibre of feeling had just woke into being.

So constantly was the evil struggling with the good, that to bind himself to either, was more than his fluctuating will could accomplish. If the inspiring influence of Olympias would draw him on and on and leave him mentally panting on the heights, might not the simple beautiful Zoe weary him and drag him down to a dead level plain, and to an existence which would become after a time insufferably tedious?

Such was the thought that flitted through his mind, not so distinct as here expressed, for feelings are not easily discerned, but vaguely floating through the twilight of his soul.

A hardened villain, a nineteenth century evil-doer suffers less than Theodore suffered. He would not muffle the bell-like voice of conscience that was ever ringing the chimes of duty or tolling the knell of waning virtue.

And why did Olympias love him? Was she not conscious of his mental inferiority, of her superior resoluteness and greater capacity for love and self-sacrifice? Yes; for no woman is ignorant of her own qualities be they what they may.

But in her great-hearted love it but made him more loveable in her eyes. She burned to lavish her wealth of gifts and graces on him to whom she had given the whole of her proud young heart. Without undue arrogance, and without any pretence of coyness, she wished to make him strong, girded by her strength, exalted, purified by the emanations of her own lofty spirit. She had no wish to govern, no thought to domineer; the haughty Olympias was ready to yield meekly to him with a submission she had proudly denied to all others.

Like any of her weaker, frailer sisters, she enveloped him with a halo evolved from the coloured mirage of her mind and loved to picture him as he would be, but alas, never as he was.

So erred Olympias, a noble type of womanhood with many faults indeed, but faults almost as noble as her virtues.



## *Reviews.*

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### 1.—CARDINAL MANNING'S MISCELLANIES.<sup>1</sup>

IT is not easy to review a volume of *Miscellanies*. A conscientious reviewer makes it his object to grasp the central idea of the book he is reviewing, and the very name of *Miscellanies* renders a central idea almost impossible. The more versatile the mind of the author, the more many-sided his interests and his knowledge, the greater the difficulty becomes.

Yet we think that this difficulty may generally be overcome by an intelligent examination even of *Miscellanies*. If there is no unity of subject there is an unity that is more important. There is one mind treating all the various subjects, and this gives more real unity than is found, we do not say in a book of the "symposium" character, where the various writers are confessedly opposed to each other, but even in a book where the various contributors are supposed to be of one mind and to take the same view of the subjects they treat. In reviewing this latter class of book it is necessary to review piecemeal, to treat it as if it were (and indeed it is) a number of little books or pamphlets all thrown together into one volume.

But where the author is one the mind is one, however varied the subjects, and the method of treatment is also one. It is true that there may be a very considerable variation in style and even in method, as for instance, in the plays of Shakespere and the poems of Milton, and the novels of Sir Walter Scott. It may go so far as to make it a puzzle to the learned whether the works in question are all by one hand. But under the surface the unity may always be traced by the discerning critic. When the author is essentially a literary man it may not be very apparent, but when he writes because he has something to say on burning social questions or important practical matters of religion or politics, even *Miscellanies* fall into due order and make up a

<sup>1</sup> *A New Volume of Miscellanies* (being the third). By His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd., 1888.

harmonious whole. The variety of topic often adds to the interest of the volume by the pleasing change it involves, and sometimes, too, by the character it assumes of a historical record and a contemporaneous commentary on events of the day.

All this is true of the volume before us. It is published by the author in the maturity of a vigorous old age. No one can say that the opinions expressed are hasty or exaggerated or violent. They are the well-weighed and thoughtful expressions of the ripened experience of an active life of fourscore years, and even from this circumstance alone must of necessity carry weight even with those who differ most widely from the religious opinions of their author.

What is the prevalent idea running through these Miscellanies? We are inclined to say that it is an intense appreciation of and sympathy with the religious needs of England, a tender compassion for those who are robbed by the various evil influences around of their inheritance of the Faith, joined to a wise discrimination between what is good and what is evil in the abnormal forms and shapes in which English religiousness manifests itself. The reader who keeps this idea before his mind will find it illustrated in its various phases, first by one and then by another of the essays of Cardinal Manning's most instructive volume, which, from this point of view, thus acquires something more than a personal unity. Even the historical and biographical essays all look in one and the same direction. "Henry the Eighth and the English Monasteries," William George Ward, "The History of the Papacy during the Reformation," are topics which have an important practical bearing on religious life in modern England.

One of these essays deals with that strange outburst of religious or quasi-religious activity, the Salvation Army. It is a good example of Cardinal Manning's judicious and impartial treatment. We give an extract from it which illustrates what we have said of the method of this volume. Speaking of the cause of the existence of this new organization, he says:

Let any man stand on the high northern ridge which commands London from west to east, and ask himself: How many in this teeming, seething whirlpool of men have never been baptized? have never been taught the Christian faith? never set a foot in a church? How many are living ignorantly in sin? how many with full knowledge are breaking the laws of God? What multitudes are blinded, or besotted, or maddened by drink? What sins of every kind and dye, and beyond

all count, are committed day and night? It would surely be within the truth to say that half the population in London are practically without Christ and without God in the world. . . . To such a population a voice crying aloud in God's Name is as a warning in the night. There is also in the most outcast a voice that answers. The conscience in man is as the worm that dieth not; and even in the worst and most depraved it bears witness against the sins of their life and state. The words death, judgment, heaven, hell, are to them not mere sounds, but strokes upon the soul. There are, indeed, men who are "past feeling," but they are like the sightless among mankind, exceptions and anomalies. The mass of men believe in right and wrong, and judgment to come. They know that they have souls, blaspheme as unbelievers may. They hope for a better life after this, and they believe that an evil life here will end in a worse hereafter. This was the strength of Wesley in the last century, and is the strength of William Booth in this. (pp. 192—194.)

Unfortunately the means of supplying the want, the "zealous but defiant movement" which is still gaining ground, is one in which "our fears greatly overbalance our hopes." We have no space to give the reasons why Cardinal Manning speaks of it thus. We can only say that they were written in 1882 and that the experience of these seven years has shown his estimate to be most exactly true.

Every essay in this volume is full of suggestive thoughts respecting the state of English society, and especially of the poorer classes. Cardinal Manning has always been essentially the friend of the poor, and above all of the children of the poor. He has that large-hearted love for the poor which enables him to understand their wants and enter into their ways of thought and action. He has devoted himself to the all-important work of saving poor children. Through his powerful advocacy hundreds have been saved from the loss of their faith, and brought up to be good and fervent Catholics. In the present volume he serves their cause in another way—by pointing out their educational needs, and the dangers that threaten Catholic schools in consequence of recent Legislation. May God long spare him to his diocese to strengthen and establish the good work that he has inaugurated in Westminster!

2.—FIRST PRINCIPLES.<sup>1</sup>

We are glad to hear that Father Joseph Rickaby's *Moral Philosophy* is already passing into a second edition. This is evidence that the *Manuals of Catholic Philosophy* were wanted, as also, we trust, that the first instalment is considered in some measure to meet the want. Father John Rickaby, brother to the writer on Ethics, now furnishes the second contribution to the series. His subject-matter is that commonly known in Catholic schools as the Second Part of Logic, or Applied Logic; a treatise which seeks to establish that the mind has the power to arrive with certainty at objective truth. That, speaking generally, our perceptions are genuine perceptions and not deceptions, and that in consequence we are entitled to assert the conformity of the object with its mental representation—this is a fact so solid and certain that to the plain man it seems incredible that any one can deny it. And yet it is denied strenuously by the most influential of modern philosophers. These bid us observe that we cannot transcend our own thoughts. The object is known only in so far as it is portrayed to us in the image which the mind forms. This image may, in part, be the product of the object acting upon the mind, but it is also, in part, the product of the mind itself. How are we to disengage the objective from the subjective element? We could only do it by bringing the image into comparison with the object in its unmixed state, that is to say, in its unperceived state, which is impossible. Hence the conclusion is drawn that our knowledge of all external to ourselves, not to speak of the knowledge of ourselves, is at best only symbolic. The mental image symbolizes the object "just as a mathematical formula, though not like, may yet symbolize the path of a cannon ball." Of course, it is quite impossible to carry these principles into consistent practice. Natural instinct runs too strongly the other way. Mr. Huxley may tell us that "in any demonstrations that can be given to the contrary effect the collections of perceptions which make up our consciousness may be an orderly phantasmagoria, generated by the Ego unfolding its successive scenes on the background of the abyss of nothingness." But, as Father John Rickaby puts it, "in spite of his theory that idealism cannot be disproved, he expresses himself gratified with tokens of esteem from former pupils."

<sup>1</sup> *Manuals of Catholic Philosophy. The First Principles of Knowledge.* By John Rickaby, S.J. Longmans, Green and Co., 1888.

This conflict between the study and the market-place is the great *crux* for philosophers of the idealist school, and, as might be expected, they seldom properly face it. They are satisfied with affirming that a symbolic likeness of thought to thing is sufficient for practical purposes. Thus Mr. Herbert Spencer in a classical passage tells us that "if  $x$  and  $y$  are the uniformly connected properties of some outer object, while  $a$  and  $b$  are the effects which they produce in our consciousness, the sole need is that  $a$  and  $b$  and the relations between them, shall always answer to  $x$  and  $y$ , and the relation between them. It matters not if  $a$  and  $b$  are both  $x$  and  $y$ , or not; could they be exactly identical with them we should not be one whit the better, and their total dissimilarity is no disadvantage." However, whereas this pressure of the corporeal world upon him, compels the idealist to contrive some sort of *concordat* between his philosophical and his common life, there is no similar pressure to restrain the application of his theories to questions of theology. Once grant the idealist position, and God must most certainly be relegated to the region of the Unknowable. It is just this which invests the study of the First Principles of Knowledge, beyond their purely speculative interest, with a deep religious importance.

Father John Rickaby, as the exponent of scholasticism, meets the idealist indictment by planting his philosophy on the dictates of common sense. According to idealists the relation between the two is one of antagonism. Thus Professor Ferrier says "that philosophy exists for the purpose of correcting, not for the purpose of confirming, the deliverances of ordinary thinking." Father Rickaby, on the other hand, defines the inter-relations as that of the imperfect to the more perfect :

We have not two intellects, one ordinary, the other extraordinary; the one direct, the other reflex: but we have a single intellect to think, and to analyze thought, to do our common-sense thinking and our philosophical thinking. . . . As a perfect Greek athlete was a man with flesh and blood muscle, trained to the utmost, but still of flesh and blood; so the perfect philosopher is a common-sense man who has bestowed uncommon care on the scientific examination of his common sense but only by the aid of that which he has been examining. A philosophy written from this stand-point will read as if written in the open air, not in some sickly closet, where body and mind have their natural health destroyed.

It follows from this that the Philosophy of Certitude cannot,

like Euclid, adopt the method of demonstrative science. It cannot start with premisses prior to itself, and on these build up a series of conclusions by rigid logic. On the contrary, it must assume throughout the very results which it seeks to establish. It seeks to show that our perceptions of truth are genuine, and it cannot advance a single argument which does not assume that they are. But although the first principles of knowledge, as being the springs of all demonstration, are themselves indemonstrable, they can nevertheless be made the subject-matter of a very useful inquiry. They can be submitted to an analysis which shall reveal to consciousness the mechanism which in the spontaneous and direct process passes unobserved. In this way we are able to seize upon and define with exactness the grounds of our confidence in the reality of our knowledge, and the criteria on which we rely to distinguish between truth and error. Nor is the advantage gained purely speculative. We become enabled to keep a more enlightened watch over the spontaneous exercise of our faculties, and can detect them with greater certainty on the occasions when they become untrue to their own laws and are deceiving us.

As the object of these manuals is to present scholastic philosophy to the public in an English dress, some readers may be surprised not to find themselves transported into a more scholastic atmosphere. They would have expected, perhaps, to be referred more often to scholastic writers, and less to the exponents of modern philosophy. They might also urge that this is a book intended for students, whose first essays at philosophical reflexion should not be disturbed overmuch by the play of false lights. We should ourselves have been inclined to lay more stress than has been laid upon this aspect of the undertaking. However, there is another aspect, and we will allow Father John Rickaby, who prefers it, to state the reason for his preference in his own words.

An endeavour has been made throughout these pages, while stating the sound, traditional principles of certitude, to bring them into constant contact with the antagonistic principles, more particularly with the principles of Hume and the pure empirics. It is not true that the only possible philosophy is a history of the opinions which, at various times, have prevailed; but it is true, that the modern spirit will not be satisfied without a statement of how controversies stand on questions which are notoriously disputed. The truth as made manifest in conflict, is what has to be exhibited: and this necessity, whether exactly desirable



or not, must stand as explanation or apology to those, whose own special tastes might prompt them to desire a simple exposition of scholastic doctrine apart from the encumbrance of adverse systems. Scholasticism must now be militant, and that, not only with a view to outsiders, but with a view to retaining its own clients, who cannot fail to come across much in modern literature, for the understanding and consequent rejection of which some direct preparation is useful.

At all events, even if the large place given to the criticism of modern writers should make the book a little more puzzling to the beginner in the school-room, it will render it the better adapted for the general class of educated readers. These will necessarily come to the perusal with their minds already imbued with modern philosophical notions and modern terminology, and with the consequent hope of receiving some assistance towards the solution of their puzzles. Such assistance, we can assure them, they will find, if only they are content to face the labour of hard thinking, which is essential to the study of first principles. Father Rickaby shows himself to be thoroughly versed in the literature of his subject, he has great felicity of illustration, and a very happy knack of condensing his arguments into a few precise and carefully worded sentences.

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3.—ANALECTA LITURGICA.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. W. H. James Weale has long resided in Belgium, where he has created for himself an enviable reputation as an able and painstaking *connoisseur* of all Ecclesiastical Antiquities. Now that he has returned to England, he has brought with him a spirit that is not rare in Catholic Belgium, but which is not so commonly found amongst ourselves. It is a love of the Church's liturgy, all the more admirable when found in a layman. We doubt whether any other person could be found to do the work which he is doing for liturgical science—a work requiring intelligence, experience and enthusiasm, all of a high order. He has already published *Bibliographia Liturgica*, or rather that portion of it that relates to the Missal, in which he gives a catalogue of all the editions of the Missal of the Latin rite that have been printed since 1475. A commencement of

<sup>1</sup> *Analecta Liturgica*. Fasciculus I. 1 Junii, 1888. Fasciculus II. Octobris, 1888. Londini: Apud Weale et Foran.

*The Ecclesiologist, Notes and Queries on Christian Antiquities*. London: Weale and Foran, 2, Orange Street, Red Lion Square, W.C.

similar good service by cataloguing the editions of the Breviary is made in the *Ecclesiologist*. The type in which this catalogue is printed distinguishes the books that Mr. Weale has himself satisfactorily examined, those of which he has seen only imperfect copies, and those that he has heard of only from catalogues or other sources. Of those included under the last two heads, or of others not mentioned, he asks information of his readers. The Breviaries of the various churches are arranged in alphabetical order, which, in the first three numbers of the *Ecclesiologist*, has got as far as the letter M. York (Ebor) is therefore given, but we shall look with interest for Sarum.

The Liturgical manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford form the matter of another very substantial contribution to the *Ecclesiologist*. An article describes for us some notes of differences in books of Hours of the Blessed Virgin according to their various Uses; thus enabling the possessors of such manuscripts to identify at once the Use to which their book of Hours belonged. Other articles are daintily interesting. Bishop Alcock of Ely printed at the end of the fifteenth century "An Exhortation made to Religious Sisters in the time of their consecration," and Mr. Weale was so fortunate as to discover a considerable fragment of it in the binding of a book in the Cathedral Library at Wells. It is called by the bibliographers from an earlier edition, "The Spousage of a Virgin to Christ," and it begins most quaintly with a publication of the banns. "I ask the banns betwixt the high and most mighty Prince, King of kings, Son of Almighty God and the Virgin Mary, in humanity Christ Jesu of Nazareth, of the one party, and A. B. of the other party, that if any man or woman can show any lawful impediment, either by any precontract made, or corruption of body or soul of the said A. B. that she ought not to be married this day unto the said mighty Prince Jesu, that they would according unto the law show it." The good bishop enlarges on the obligation of "a wretch His creature and of poor lineage" "unto Him that will consent that ye be married unto Him, so great a Prince and Almighty."

For the common usage is kings marry together, dukes and earls together, and poor people together, and [it is] seldom seen [that] the rich and the poor marry together; and yet this most mighty Prince, Lord of heaven and of earth, for the love He beareth unto you [is pleased] to make you His queen, His Father of heaven to be your Father, His Mother to be yours. And so by this marriage, all your kindred shall be of cousinage by affinity to the Father of heaven, our Lady, all the Angels,

with the whole genealogy of Christ, to which honour and excellence no carnal spousage could exalt you. Therefore, if you continue His faithful and true spouse, committing your mind, your will and all your works, to observe His commandments, your reward shall be as in your jointure and dowry exceed all rewards that can be thought and may be given unto man.

We cannot resist the temptation to extract the beautiful hymn on Contempt of the World, attributed, though without any certainty, to Jacopone da Todi, together with the scholarly translation made by the late Canon Oakeley twelve years ago, but now first published by Mr. Weale.

DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI.

Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria  
cuius prosperitas est transitoria?  
tam cito labitur eius potentia,  
quam vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.

Plus crede litteris scriptis in glacie,  
quam mundi fragilis vanæ fallaciæ;  
fallax in præmiis, virtutis speciei,  
quis unquam habuit tempus fiduciæ?

Credendum est magis auris fallacibus,  
quam mundi miseris prosperitatibus,  
fallax in somniis ac vanitatibus,  
fallax in studiis ac voluptatibus,

Dic, ubi, Salomon, olim tam nobilis?  
vel ubi Sampson est, dux invincibilis?  
vel pulcher Absalon, vultu mirabilis,  
vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis?

Quo Cæsar, abiit, celsus imperio?  
vel Dives splendidus, totus in prandio?  
dic, ubi Tullius, clarus eloquio?  
vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio?

Tot clari proceres, tot rerum spatia,  
tot ora præsulum, tot regna fortia,  
tot mundi principes, tanta potentia,  
in ictu oculi clauduntur omnia.

Quam breve festum est hæc mundi gloria?  
ut umbra nubium sunt eius gaudia,  
quæ tamen subtrahunt æterna præmia,  
et ducunt hominem ad rura devia.

O esca vermium! O massa pulveris!  
O ros! O vanitas! cur sic extolleris?  
ignorans penitus utrum cras vixeris,  
fac bonum omnibus quamdiu poteris.

Hæc carnis gloria, quæ magni penditur,  
Sacris in litteris flos fœni dicitur,  
ut leve folium, quod vento rapitur,  
sic vita hominis a luce trahitur.

Why fights the world for barren glory?  
Her victories are transitory;  
her short-lived honours break away  
like vessels formed of brittle clay.

Her wiles, that silly souls entice,  
are vain as words inscribed on ice;  
her show of virtue mere pretence,  
that ne'er gave ground of confidence.

The treacherous wind beguiles us less  
than this world's fickle happiness;  
vain all her dreams and vanities;  
vain all her cares and luxuries.

Say, where is Solomon the wise?  
and Samson, dread of enemies?  
Where Absalon, that gracious boy,  
Or Jonathan, the people's joy?

Imperial Cæsar, where art thou?  
and where is pampered Dives now?  
where Tully's eloquence refined,  
and Aristotle's grasp of mind?

So many a chief, so many a seer,  
so many a name to memory dear;  
such pomp and power and prowess lie  
crushed in the twinkling of an eye.

How brief a feast is this world's fame!  
her joys the shadow of a name,  
yet strong to spoil our heavenly gains,  
and land our steps on devious plains.

O food of worms, O dust of earth,  
O dew of morn, how poor thy worth!  
thou canst not claim the coming day;  
then do God's bidding whilst thou may.

This mortal flesh, so prized, alas,  
is called in Scripture flower of grass;  
our life a leaf, the sport of wind,  
that flies and leaves no trace behind.

Nil tuum dixeris quod potes perdere,  
quod mundus tribuit, intendit rapere :  
superna cogita, cor sit in æthere,  
felix qui poterit mundum contemnere.

Call not thine own what fades away ;  
the world's creations are her prey ;  
how blest, whose heart is fixed above,  
cleared of the world's corroding love.

We must not forget to say of the *Ecclesiologist* that it contains a space devoted to Notes and Queries, which promises to be exceedingly useful and instructive.

The *Analecta Liturgica* appears quarterly, and the annual subscription is a pound for 400 pages royal octavo. The two parts before us contain (1) a Key or Alphabetical Index of the Roman Missal as approved by St. Pius the Fifth, (2) Three Kalendars, and (3) (paged apart) the commencement of a hymnology, which thus far contains the Proses of the Churches of Uzès (1495), Magdeburg (1480), Angers (1489) and Aix (1527). The editors, M. Misset and Mr. Weale, do not intend to publish any Proses or Hymns that have appeared in any one of nine works that they mention, of which Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus* is the first, and amongst which is included John Mason Neale's *Sequentiæ* (London, 1852). Over and above those published in these nine works, they have prepared for publication thousands of Latin hymns, and they hope in the course of ten years to have produced a complete *Corpus Hymnologicum*. Of the portion already published we can only say that the editing and the printing is as near perfection as possible. Surely such a work will not be allowed to languish for want of support.

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#### 4.—THE TRUE SPOUSE OF JESUS CHRIST.<sup>1</sup>

These two volumes form a portion of Father Eugene Grimm's Centenary Edition of the complete works of St. Alphonsus Liguori, an edition undertaken by him, as well for the spiritual advancement of the faithful of America, as for the celebration of the centenary of the death of the holy Doctor and Founder of the Religious Congregation of which he is a member.

Considering the authorship of these volumes, praise of them would be as much out of place as censure ; but we think

<sup>1</sup> *The True Spouse of Jesus Christ ; or the Nun sanctified by the Virtues of her State.* By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. New York : Benziger Brothers, 1888.

their chief merit will be found in the safety of the conclusions, and the soundness of the instructions which they contain, and the exquisite tact and holy wisdom with which the Saint sets forth the delicate and difficult questions which arise in the spiritual direction of women. Ascetical theology does not offer much field for originality in dealing with it, and one treatise on Christian Perfection will always present a close resemblance to another. The mind and method of St. Alphonsus, as a writer, is not specially remarkable for speculative power or scientific treatment. But if we take the widest view of his subject in general, his present treatise is one which has excellencies of its own that are not found in any of those previously existing on the same subject. His great memory and industry, joined to that practical power of applying principles to circumstances, in which wisdom is said to consist, and which have made him such a great master in moral theology, are quite unrivalled: while the subject is one that gives full expression to his love of God and the affections of his heart, and the whole treatise brims over with the unction of the Holy Ghost. As the author says in his Preface, "In human sciences knowledge excites love, but in the science of the Saints love produces knowledge. He that loves God most knows Him best. Moreover, it is not lofty and fruitless conceptions, but *works*, that unite the soul to God, and make it rich in merits before the Lord."

The treatise entitled *The True Spouse of Jesus Christ* was written by St. Alphonsus when he was sixty-six years of age, and gives us the product of his ripe experience. It is written with the greatest care and fatherly affection for those to whose spiritual advancement it is directed, and the author, who so well knew the wants and peculiarities of convent life, has omitted nothing which is needed to lead a nun from her postulancy to the highest perfection and sanctity. A nun, armed with this book, would have nobody but herself to blame if she did not become a Saint, and, if she should be called to be a Superior, she would derive sufficient guidance from it for the regulation and government of a convent. The treatise itself is very complete, and yet is contained in the twenty-four chapters, which occupy the first, and half of the second, volume. One of the merits of the treatise is its brevity, and its exclusion of unnecessary or irrelevant matter. But Father Grimm, in order that nothing might be wanting in supplying a text-book for convents, has

devoted the last half of the second volume to a collection of spiritual *opuscula* of St. Alphonsus, all bearing upon the same subject, and which may be regarded as supplements or appendices of the foregoing treatise. These consist of: (1) A summary of the virtues which the religious that wishes to become a Saint should practise. (2) Spiritual maxims for a religious. (3) Aspirations of love to Jesus Christ. Then follow (4) five familiar exhortations of the Saint addressed to religious communities, or to those about to take the religious habit. (5) Rules for the restoration and reformation of the Monastery of Mary Queen of Heaven, at Airolo, in the diocese of which the Saint was Bishop. (6) Notes on the life and death of Sister Teresa Mary de Liguori, a cousin of the Saint, who died in 1724 at the early age of twenty-one, a holy religious and true servant of God, *consummata in brevi*. And lastly (7) one hundred and fifty-six "spiritual" letters of the Saint, addressed either to religious or to those about to enter the religious state.

These letters form an admirable conclusion of the present work, which is intended to embrace all the writings of St. Alphonsus which have especial reference to religious persons. They will have a biographical interest to the general reader, whom they will admit to an intimate acquaintance with the character of the Saint, for there is no class of writings which reflect so faithfully and completely the true character of the writer as his familiar letters to his intimate acquaintances; and in those in question St. Alphonsus pours out his inmost spirit without reserve. In some of them we see him applying, in particular cases, the general principles which he had laid down in *The True Spouse of Jesus Christ*, and in all of them everybody will admire his prudence, his zeal, his goodness, and, above all, the consummate charity which prompted him to pour consolation and encouragement into disquieted souls who sought from him light and guidance.

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##### 5.—INSTITUTIONES PHILOSOPHIÆ SCHOLASTICÆ.<sup>1</sup>

In six volumes (*Logica*, 268 pp.; *Ontologia*, 243 pp.; *Psychologia*, 311 pp.; *Cosmologia*, 264 pp.; *Theodicea*, 198 pp.; *Ethica et Jus Naturæ*, 427 pp.), Father Mendive gives us an entire course

<sup>1</sup> *Institutiones Philosophiæ Scholasticæ ad mentem Divi Thomæ et Suarezii.* Auctore P. Josepho Mendive, Societatis Jesu Sacerdote. Vallisoleti, ex typographia Viduæ de Cuesta et Filii 1886—1888.



of scholastic philosophy after the mind of St. Thomas and Suarez. The style is marked by that lucid brevity, which is the special characteristic of that school of writers who have formed themselves upon the Angelic Doctor, and who are commonly called Thomists. But Father Mendive's is a Suarezian Thomism. He has a stout and well-defended thesis against *prædeterminatio physica a Bannezianis inducta*. We commend this to minds interested in the question. But he is not regardless of the speculations to which men of our day rather turn. The Darwinian hypothesis is succinctly stated, and refuted by a variety of arguments. We translate one of them.

On the hypothesis of continuous transformation it is impossible for the *species* and *genera* of organic beings to keep their fundamental and typical form for immense periods of ages; for Nature with irresistible impulse urges every being to progress and continual variation. But from palæontological facts it is clear to a certainty and beyond a doubt that the various *species* and the *genera* themselves have endured through immense periods of ages. Nor let Darwinists say that this has happened for lack of the struggle for life. For the external medium in which those *species* and *genera* have spent their existence has been subject to many vast vicissitudes; and, therefore, in such trying circumstances the struggle for life cannot have been otherwise than extremely intense among all living creatures.

Under the head of Toleration in his treatise on Natural Law, Father Mendive lays down the following five propositions. They certainly have a fine flavour of Spanish Catholicism, which after all is Roman Catholicism, and Catholicism everywhere. Circumstances and applications vary with locality, but principles stand hard and fast.

I. The best state of political society and true civil progress by no means require that human society should be constituted and governed without regard to religion, as though religion did not exist, or without any difference being drawn between the true religion and false ones; but on the contrary, in every society, however perfect and mature, the ruler is bound to the utmost of his power to preserve and foster unity in true religion.

II. It is a point in the best condition of society, that the Government should recognize the duty of restraining by statute penalty offenders against the true religion, not only so far as material public peace demands, but also so far as the stable order of the commonwealth and the good of the said true religion require: or, what is the same thing, that the Church be not separated from the State.

III. In this our age, as in any other, it is necessary in itself (*per se*

*necessarium*), that the true religion be held as the only religion of the State, to the exclusion of all other worships whatsoever.

IV. It is not false, but on the contrary most true, that civil liberty for every sort of worship, and likewise full power given to all openly and publicly to manifest all manner of opinions and thoughts, conduces to the more easy corrupting of the morals and minds of the people, and to the spread of the pest of indifference.

V. Though a Catholic Prince ought in all ways to hinder liberty of religion, yet if he cannot do so without greater inconvenience to the public good, he may tolerate it as a less evil to avoid a greater which would otherwise follow.

Utterances like these form the very antithesis to all Freemasonry. Rightly understood, they are as Catholic as they are anti-Masonic. We recommend none of our readers to cry out against them till he has read the explanations and proofs given by Father Mendive.

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#### 6.—LEIGH HUNT.<sup>1</sup>

Those unacquainted with Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography* and *Journal*, will gather from the sketch which forms an overture to the selection from his works—prose and poetical—a good idea of one of whom Carlyle spoke as being “a man of genius in a very strict sense of that word; of brilliant varied gifts; of graceful fertility; of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of childlike open character, also of most pure and even exemplary private deportment, a man who can be other than loved only by those who have not seen him, or seen him from a distance through a false medium.”

James Henry Leigh Hunt was born in October 1784, at Southgate, in Middlesex, and was educated at Christ's Hospital. We find the future celebrated essayist showing little talent in his school-days as far as composition was concerned, and his master, Boyer, is described as “crumpling up his themes and tossing them away with the utmost contempt.” These early difficulties are the more surprising when we learn that later on his facility in prose composition was little less than extraordinary. He generally wrote under extreme pressure, producing “copy” which was rarely the result of premeditation. The

<sup>1</sup> *Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist*. Being choice passages from his Works, Selected and Edited with a Biographical Introduction by Charles Kent. London and New York: The Cavendish Library, Frederick Warne and Co., 1889.

*Tatler*, a daily periodical, he wrote entirely himself, as long as his health allowed him to do so, and he himself says that the continuous strain of incessant production almost killed him. Writing verses, on the other hand, was work he always did slowly and calmly, and that metrical composition was very dear to him is undeniable. A collection of verses which he wrote when between twelve and sixteen was published in 1801, but, though it had a fair amount of success, Leigh Hunt in later years looked back to this publication with regret. Immature as the work undoubtedly was, at the time however he was very proud of it.

In 1808 the first number of the *Examiner* appeared, his brother John being the proprietor, and he himself the editor, and for fourteen years he conducted it successfully.

Among Leigh Hunt's friends we find the names of Thomas Moore, Charles and Mary Lamb, Keats, Hazlitt, Shelley, Lord Byron, and Brougham. As we read his poetry we must confess that we are surprised that it should have won the success that it did, and still more, that it should have stirred others, whose rank as poets can never be disputed, so deeply. Byron told him that it was seeing one of his volumes at Harrow that first gave him the desire to write verses, and five years later he published the *Hours of Idleness*. It was to Leigh Hunt that Keats dedicated his first volume of poetry, as well as making him the subject of one of his most beautiful sonnets, but the charm of his poetry lies yet undiscovered to us. True we see many touches showing real sympathy with nature, the scanning is good, and here and there we hear music in his rhyme, but some of the poems are very common-place.

"The Story of Rimini" is one that strikes us as being about the best in the book, and there are in it some felicitous lines which charm us even after Dante. For after all, who can compete with his wonderful telling of that most touching story? The poem on Paganini is also good, and shows Leigh Hunt to have been in thorough sympathy with the musician. But how any one who loved music as he evidently did could sing in verse and describe in prose the praises of the pianoforte—that most soulless of all instruments—is surprising.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow  
In griefs or joys,  
Unspeakable emotions owe  
A fitting voice :

Mirth flies to thee, and love's unrest,  
 And memory dear ;  
 And sorrow with its tightened breast,  
 Comes for a tear.

Before leaving the poetry, we must quote a few lines from the "Story of Rimini," which are very pretty.

So ride they pleased, till now the couching sun  
 Levels his final look through shadows dim,  
 And the clear moon, with meek o'er-lifted face,  
 Seems come to look into the silvering place.  
 Then woke the bride indeed, for then was heard  
 The sacred bell by which all hearts are stirred.  
 The tongue 'twixt heaven and earth, the memory mild,  
 Which bids adore the Mother and her Child.  
 The train are hushed ; they halt ; their heads are bare,  
 Earth for a moment breathes angelic air.  
 Francesca weeps for lowliness and love,  
 Her heart is at the feet of Her who sits above.

We turn willingly from the verse to the prose. In all these essays it is seen that Leigh Hunt was a close student of human nature, and one who studied it in the spirit of love. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, which always accompanies great sensitiveness, and his humour, rarely satirical, is charming from its absence of bitterness. He shared with Jane Austen the readiness to see and be amused by the various peculiarities in his fellow-creatures that never escaped him, but when he holds them up for our amusement, we note the excellence of the way in which it is done. The essays are all so good, and the subjects of them so diversified, that it would be hard to make a selection. Each reader of the volume before us will soon single out his favourites. The one on "Colour" is striking ; the "Sacred Corner of Pisa" vividly recalls the place to us, the description is so accurate ; "On the Talking of Nonsense" nothing better could be said, and the one on "Getting up on Cold Mornings" is exceedingly good.

Extracts from the "Table Talk" are given, and we quote the following as specimens :

A corpse seems as if it suddenly knew everything, and was profoundly at peace in consequence.

An air played on the bagpipes, with that detestable, monotonous drone of theirs for the base, is like a tune tied to a post.

From *Wit and Wisdom* we quote the following :

THE CAUSE OF LAUGHTER.

We are so constituted that the mind is willingly put into any shape of movement not actually painful, perhaps because we are then made potentially alive to our existence, and feel ourselves a match for the challenge. Hobbes refers all laughter to a sense of triumph and "glory," and upon the principle here expressed, his opinion seems to be justifiable; though I cannot think it entirely so on the scornful ground implied by him. "The passion of laughter," he says, "is nothing else but a sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of *some eminency in ourselves* by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly, for men laugh at the *follies* of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them only present dishonour." His limitation of the cause of laughter looks like a saturnine self-sufficiency. There are numerous occasions, undoubtedly, when we laugh out of a contemptuous sense of superiority, or at least when we think we do so. But on occasions of pure mirth and fancy, we only feel superior to the pleasant deference which is given to our wit and comprehension, we triumph, not insolently, but congenially; not to any one's disadvantage, but simply to our own joy and reassurance. The reason indeed is partly physical as well as mental. In proportion to the vivacity of the impulse, a check is given to the breath, different in degree but not in nature, from that which is occasioned by dashing against some pleasant friend round a corner. The breath recedes, only to reissue with double force, and the happy convulsion which it undergoes is the process of laughter. Do I triumph over my friend in the laughter? Surely not. I only triumph over the strange and sudden jar, which seemed to put us for the moment in the condition of antagonists.

Thornton Hunt happily says of Leigh Hunt that "he was striving all his life to open more widely the door of the library, and the windows looking out upon nature." He was rarely seen without a book in his hand; abstemious and frugal in his tastes, he worked hard and well, and on his monument in Kensal Green are written his own words,

Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.

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7.—DE ECCLESIA ET STATU JURIDICE CONSIDERATIS.<sup>1</sup>

The relation between Church and State is one of the burning questions of our time, and it is consoling to see one work after another appear in which this subject is handled with

<sup>1</sup> *De Ecclesia et Statu juridice consideratis.* Auctore Ludovico de Hammerstein, S.J. Treviris.

judicial fairness and scholastic clearness. Father De Hammerstein has produced an excellent book, well worthy to be ranked with the excellent work of Cavagnis on the same important subject, which we have previously noticed. Father De Hammerstein begins with the Encyclical of His Holiness, *Immortale Dei*, which gives the authoritative teaching of the Vicar of Christ on the whole subject of Church and State, and serves as a guide to all Catholic doctors thereupon. In this he has been wise, and as in the Index he refers to each section of the Encyclical, and shows at what page of his own book the matter of that section is explained and defended, his book presents itself as a commentary on the Encyclical, and as such we would recommend it to any priest who might think well to take the doctrine laid down in the Encyclical for exposition in a course of lectures. We would venture to make the suggestion, being sure that it could not be otherwise than useful, to bring home to the faithful that which the Supreme Pastor has taught so solemnly to the Church Universal.

Father De Hammerstein takes first the Divine Law with respect to the Church, then with respect to the State, and thirdly he treats of the meeting of the two, the errors on these subjects prevalent in Germany naturally being treated most fully, though by no means exclusively. Under this third heading he shows that a perfect co-ordinate equality between Church and State cannot exist, and he argues that superiority in the case of collision must rest with that power which is instituted for the higher end. He discusses the right claimed by modern States in sacred matters, examining the claims of supreme inspection, the royal *Placet*, the *recours d'abus*, &c. Then he takes in detail the various points of Ecclesiastical jurisdiction that most affect the State, the teaching power of the Church, immunities, marriages, education and family life, associations, sepulture, and Church property, and in each case he shows that the judgment of the Church must prevail. Our author then passes to human law and discusses the question of Concordats, and he handles the various pretexts on which statesmen defend their usurpations of the Church's rights, the *fait accompli*, universal suffrage, nationality, and prescription. It must not be supposed that we have passed over the first treatise on the Church, and the second on the State for any other reason than that we were attracted by the interesting matter of the latter portions of the book. But here, too,



we are arrested by the important description of the religious duties of States. It makes one's heart ache to see them enumerated and expounded, and to think how few places there are left in the world where civil government is conducted on true Christian principles.

Father De Hammerstein's discussion respecting Concordats strikes us as of special interest. A Concordat almost invariably consists of a concession on the part of the Church of some right of her own, and on the other side, of a promise on the part of the State to do what it was bound to do before. Where is the Concordat to be found in which the State has bound itself to anything that it was free in conscience and before God to give or not to give? Concordats therefore are really one-sided, and might more properly be called privileges, as when the Holy See allows the State to have a voice in the nomination of Bishops. Now privileges can be lawfully recalled, when the Church sees good reason for so doing. Yet, as Father De Hammerstein remarks, of the two contracting parties, we find in practice that the State, which was bound all along, and has besides pledged its word in a Concordat to do its duty by the Church on certain points, is the party that is ready to violate the compact, while on the other hand, the Church, which is really free in conscience to revoke its concessions, remains steadily faithful to its undertaking. Father De Hammerstein gives an amusing instance of the readiness of statesmen to repudiate Concordats. In the Austrian Parliament the argument was used that their Concordat had been made when the Austrian Government was an absolute monarchy, and it therefore could not be held to be in force now that it was a monarchy limited by a constitution. The Count von Thun answered that this would be good news for the Finance Minister, who on such principles could say that the public debt contracted when the monarchy was absolute need not be paid by their constitutional Government.

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8.—THE SUPERNATURAL TRAINING OF SOULS.<sup>1</sup>

The author of this little book has felt himself moved to write by the belief that the department of his selection has not received sufficient attention. There are plenty of excellent works, he

<sup>1</sup> *De Scientia Regiminis Animarum Supernaturali.* Auctore Leopoldo Chevalier, S.T.M., in Seminario Nanceiensi Theologiæ Professor. Nancy: Rene Vagher, 1888.

urges, in all the branches of scholastic theology; but they address themselves to the intellect alone, and confine themselves to speculation. There are also plenty of books which address themselves to the will, and seek to train it to the spiritual life, but they do not bear sufficiently in mind the conclusions of theology. What is wanted, he thinks, is a work which will treat of the education and direction of the soul from a scholastic point of view,—one, that is to say, which will bear in mind that, when theology sets forth the ideal of a Christian life in the possession and increase of grace, and describe for us the endowments of grace, actual and sanctifying, placed within our reach, the virtues, infused and natural, which should inspire our action, and the Beatific Vision to which they should aspire as to their ultimate end, it is presenting us with a rule of action. The training of the soul should be conducted on such lines as will lead to this ideal. It may be said that no doubt this is true, but that it is also elementary, and is quite realized by the spiritual writers, whose works we already possess in great number and variety. To this the author would reply that such books only take into account a few of the many points which theology indicates, whereas what is required is that these points should be translated into practice, systematically and completely.

It will be seen from this account that the book before us belongs to the department of what is called Pastoral Theology. It is intended for priests, and to aid them in the guidance of souls. The theology is solid, as also are the practical rules, in drawing out which the author also shows himself to be sensible and judicious. His style, unfortunately, is so wordy, that a considerable effort of attention is required to penetrate its mazes and reach the meaning. This will deter many, but those who can face the difficulty will find themselves rewarded. There is a danger, however, against which we should like to forewarn students of this method. It is no fault of the author's that it should exist, but it is a necessary incident of his undertaking, and it is important that it should be indicated. It is most desirable that the guide of souls should be furnished with the scientific principle of his art, and not go by mere rule of thumb. But it is still more necessary that he should keep himself in close touch with realities. Here is the danger. It is easy for minds of a certain constitution to become enamoured of the scientific procedure in a book like this, till they proceed to apply it to the souls which come under their charge with the unbending rigour

of mathematical rules. Let them remember that nowhere is the *doctrinaire* so mischievous as when he attempts to guide souls.

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9.—AROER.<sup>1</sup>

The authoress to whom we are indebted for the best English Life of St. Catherine of Siena, has left the realm of religious biography, in which she was so eminently successful, for that of religious fiction, in which also unquestionably a wide sphere of usefulness may be found. She now publishes a story bearing the somewhat fanciful name of *Aroer*. "What is meant by *Aroer*?", is the inquiry which naturally arises to one's lips as one opens the tastefully-bound volume, and glances at its well-printed pages. *Aroer by the torrent Arnon*, was, as far as its geographical signification is concerned, a city in the territory taken forcible possession of by the Israelites under Josue's leadership; its symbolical signification will be discovered as the course of the narrative is followed.

The home of the heroine, Norbertine, the story of whose vocation is told, was a country parsonage where we find her at the age of seventeen, leading a desultory life, far from satisfactory to one of her energetic and ardent nature. The companionship of a Catholic cousin, and the thoughts suggested by the conversation of a reading party, who spent the long vacation in the neighbourhood, concerning the "soul's excellence," the aims and purposes of life, man's capacity for happiness and the means of attaining it, lead her to seek a higher path, and direct her steps *toward the sunrising*, by which it need hardly be said, the true faith is indicated. Two years later, the death of her father and the marriage of her sister leave this rather independent young lady free to dispose of her future as she pleases. During the absence of an uncle, her guardian, she finds a temporary home at Hainault, in a Catholic household, where a love-drama, attended by very romantic circumstances, which we will not attempt to unfold, is being enacted by the heiress and mistress of the estate and her cousin's tutor, a near relative of our heroine. But neither the quiet pleasures of country life, nor the gaieties of the London season, will content the desires and aspirations of Norbertine's heart; the happiness of the married

<sup>1</sup> *Aroer, the Story of a Vocation*. By the Author of *Uriel*, &c. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1888.

state, the comforts and luxuries which wealth affords, do not tempt her to pause in the quest of her ideal, "work and devotedness." The accounts she had heard of the temporal misery and spiritual degradation of the labouring classes in great cities had sunk deep into her mind and been long pondered over; she had learnt the value of souls, and determined to devote herself to the aid of suffering humanity: about eighteen months after her reception into the Church, she joins an active Order at work at Bethnal Green. Meanwhile a plan jestingly sketched out in the course of conversation with Arthur Honeywood, one of her Oxford friends, a young man who "has great possessions," is being carried out in sober earnest; a large estate in the south of England is converted into a model factory, a colony of work-people transplanted thither, a hospital for old men and women is built, and the whole receives the appellation of *Aroer*. There after the lapse of thirty years, our heroine is invited to found a house, and herself preside over the community which shall undertake the care of the schools, infirmary, &c.

The offer is gladly accepted; and Norbertine, going down to *Aroer* to take possession of the new convent, meets her old friends again; her cousin Claudia, who, after a life of sorrow, has reached a peaceful old age; the founder of the good work, whom time has so changed that Norbertine fails to recognize in the "shabbily dressed man with greyish hair," the vivacious young undergraduate of bygone days, and Lady Beatrice, her former hostess at Hainault, now the mother of many children. The interior changes which the years have wrought in our friends may be best described in the authoress' own words.

"How well I remember when we all said good-bye at Hainault," said Arthur; "little did I think that day that we four should never meet again till we met at *Aroer*."

"Do you know what it makes me feel?" said Norbertine. "Well, something like jealousy, to think how hard you have all been at work on our great idea while I have been doing nothing."

"I dare say if the truth were known you have not been entirely idle," said Beatrice.

"Perhaps not," said Norbertine. "But up to this moment I have done nothing for *Aroer*."

"Well, now your hour has come," said Arthur, "and, if I might venture to differ from a Reverend Mother, I should say that you have done more for it than any of us."

"I have prayed for it certainly," said Norbertine. No day has come and gone for these thirty years past that I have not said: 'God bless the work at Aroer.'"

"Yes, but more than that, who but yourself began the work? Who showed me the way to the sun-rising? I repeat it, you began the work, and in the wonderful ways of Divine Providence you come to give it the finishing stroke."

"Quite true," said Claudia, "Aroer is your own creation, dear Norbertine—

More wholly and more purely thine,  
Because it is another's too."

And so the four friends, of whom three at least had parted in the spring-time of youth and imagination, met now in the sober autumn season of their lives, and thanked God together for all He had given, and for all He had taken away. Each of them in their own way had known what it was to resign some cherished hopes, and each had tasted the mysterious sweetness of renunciation. Beatrice in her married life, and Norbertine in her cloister; Claudia in the bereavement which had cut her loose from all ties to this world, save the single tie of charity; and Arthur in the fiercer struggles which beset his soul ere he could listen to the voice which whispered in his ear, and yield himself to its gentle guidance; all in their turn had suffered and had conquered, and now they were reaping their harvest. They had gone forth weeping and scattering their seed, but now they returned again with joy, bringing their sheaves with them. (pp. 299—301.)

## *Literary Record.*

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### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE Catholic Truth Society has reprinted in the form of a pamphlet<sup>1</sup> three articles recently published in the pages of THE MONTH on a topic of immense importance and very general interest, viz., the extension of missionary operations and the suppression of the slave trade in Africa. They are from the pen of Sir James Marshall, than whom it would be difficult to find a man more qualified to speak on this subject, since he has lately witnessed and taken part in a vigorous crusade against the most hideous form of slavery to be found in Africa, that which prevails amongst the heathen tribes themselves. He confirms all that Cardinal Lavigerie, to whose voice the whole of Europe now listens, states in regard to the wide field offering itself for missionary effort, but he differs from that eminent ecclesiastic concerning the portion of the African continent to which the proposed crusade should be directed. The vast region known under the name of West Africa is peopled by countless tribes of heathens still untouched by Islamism, and it is there, Sir J. Marshall is of opinion, that more good could be effected and a better base of operations for the crusade would be found than in Mohammedan north, whence the Mussulman is rapidly advancing southwards, offering to the negro the choice between conversion or slavery. The West Coast is, moreover, under the British protectorate; and a few poverty-stricken missions are established there, and a continuously increasing work is already being carried on by a small staff of priests and nuns.

Mr. Elliot Stock has sent us the first number of his latest venture, a bibliographical magazine called *The Library*,<sup>2</sup> which

<sup>1</sup> *The Missionary Crusade in Africa.* By Sir James Marshall, C.M.G. London: Catholic Truth Society.

<sup>2</sup> *The Library. A Magazine of Bibliography and Literature.* No. 1., Jan. 1889. London: Elliot Stock.



has also been adopted, it seems, as the organ of the British Library Association. The periodical appears to appeal to two rather different classes of readers, the rich bibliophile, who purchases rare editions to look at, and the working librarian, always crippled for funds, who buys books to be read. In the interests of the latter class we are tempted to complain that the division of space at present is not quite fair. We should like to see several more pages devoted to practical matters; to an approximately *complete* list for instance, with prices, of books published month by month in America, France, and Germany. It would not be difficult to compile such a list from foreign literary journals, and in point of utility there is nothing in the number before us that we would not willingly sacrifice to make room for it. Needless to say that *The Library* is sumptuously printed; the list of contributors also is unexceptionable.

The success of the English translation of Cornelius a Lapide's *Commentary on the Gospels*<sup>1</sup> has induced the publisher to undertake a new issue in monthly parts. The first two numbers of this re-issue are now before us and we have pleasure in announcing their appearance. The commendations we were able to bestow on the volumes of the previous edition do not need to be repeated, but we may take the opportunity of wishing well to the *Catholic Standard Library* as a whole. It has always been a matter of regret to Catholics that the English people should know so little of their standard works. If Mr. Hodges' enterprise has any measure of success in remedying the evil, he will have earned the right to our thanks. His list already contains some most excellent and instructive works.

The illustrious example of St. Ignatius's conversion and subsequent career has been, and ever will be, influential for the salvation and sanctification of innumerable souls, and devotion to the holy Founder of the Society of Jesus cannot be too frequently inculcated on Christian people. A little book<sup>2</sup> in cheap and portable form, containing eleven meditations on the life of the Saint, with prayers and litanies appended, by Father Xavier de Franciosi, has reached a second edition, and deserves to be strongly recommended to educated readers.

<sup>1</sup> *The Great Commentary of Cornelius a Lapide upon the Holy Gospels.* Translated and edited by the Rev. T. Mossman, B.A., D.D. Re-issue in monthly shilling parts. Parts I., II. London: John Hodges.

<sup>2</sup> *La Dévotion à Saint Ignace.* Méditations, Prières, et Pratiques en l'honneur du Fondateur de la Compagnie de Jésus. Par le R. P. Xavier de Franciosi, S.J. Deuxième édition. Nancy: Société de Propagande, 63, Rue St. Georges.

*Catholic Worship*<sup>1</sup> is a most useful little book. It gives a variety of useful information respecting the sacraments, sacramentals, ceremonies, feasts, and fasts of the Church. The meaning of the priest's vestments, the reason of the use of incense and holy water, of various usages of which all are familiar, but which often are not understood, are all given in this practical and serviceable compilation. We hope that some means may be found of spreading it on this side of the Atlantic. Like so many of Messrs. Benziger's excellent publications it will fail of obtaining a wide circulation in England and Ireland, simply because Catholics do not know where they can find it on sale.

Although the name of St. Anastasia is familiar to us as one of those who are invoked in the Litany of the Saints, and honoured by express mention in the Mass, the history of her heroic life and glorious confession is not generally known. We therefore gladly hail the appearance of a little book<sup>2</sup> which depicts the earthly career of this beautiful and high-born Roman lady, who by her incomparable merit, her courageous deeds, and the terrible tortures she heroically endured for the honour of the faith in the early ages of Christianity, has gained the veneration and cultus of the Church in all time. The example of St. Anastasia is most edifying, not merely on account of the constancy wherewith she bore persecution and suffered martyrdom, but also because of her assiduity in rendering services to other confessors of Christ while herself at liberty: often under disguise, she braved all dangers in order to visit them in prison, minister to their needs, and sustain their courage in the time of trial and in the hour of death.

It is very edifying to find a layman—one, too, whose literary success has lain in very different paths—collecting together a number of beautiful thoughts and extracts from saints and theologians respecting Holy Communion. *Eucharistic Jewels*<sup>3</sup> is a companion to a former work, *The Jewels of the Mass*, and both volumes well deserve the name they bear. Mr Fitzgerald must have searched and read very widely to

<sup>1</sup> *Catholic Worship*. The Sacraments, Ceremonies, and Festivals of the Church explained in Question and Answer. By Rev. O. Gisler. Translated by Rev. R. Brennan, L.D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

<sup>2</sup> *St. Anastasia, Virgin and Martyr*. Compiled from the Italian of Father Bonucci, S.J. By Margaret Howitt. London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>3</sup> *Eucharistic Jewels for Persons living in the World*. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd.

gather together such treasures as are to be found in these pages, and we heartily congratulate him on his labour of love. How picturesque and telling, for instance, is the following extract from a sermon preached by Cardinal Manning twenty years since.

Does any one know the name of the man who removed the Blessed Sacrament from York Minster? Was it in the morning or in the evening? But a change which held both in earth and in Heaven had been accomplished. The city of York went on the day after as the day before. But the Light of Life had gone out of it; there was no Holy Sacrifice offered in the Minster. The Scriptures were read there, but there was no Divine Teacher to interpret them. The *Magnificat* was chanted still, but it rolled along the empty roof, *for Jesus was no longer on the altar*. So it is till this day. There is no light, no tabernacle, no altar, nor can be, till Jesus shall return thither. It stands like the open sepulchre; and we may believe that the angels are there, ever saying, "He is not here. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid." (p. 22.)

Mr. Fitzgerald gathers so widely that he sometimes quotes even Protestants. The quotation of Mr. Keble's hymn (p. 44) jars on our Catholic ears, and we think it would have been better to omit it. It also sounds strange to call Dr. Johnson "a Catholic in all but name," and we scarcely know what the phrase means. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald would have lost nothing by confining himself to Catholic jewels.

The founder of the Order of Charity, whatever we may think of his system of philosophy, was a man of great personal holiness and consummate ability. His *Maxims of Perfection*<sup>1</sup> are most practical and have a special interest as indicating the spirit which he desired should characterize the Institute that he established. The maxim which he makes the foundation of a holy life is one which if observed would soon produce a Paradise on earth.

The Christian will understand that the first thing which the will of God lays down for him, is to fulfil with fidelity, exactness, and alacrity, all the duties of his state; to do whatever his relations to other persons require of him, treating them with the kindness and attention that are due; in short, to act towards others with so much charity that they may be well pleased with him, and that his intercourse with those with whom he has to deal—for, through love of retirement, he will avoid all inter-

<sup>1</sup> *Maxims of Christian Perfection*. By Antonio Rosmini. Translated from the Italian by Canon W. A. Johnson. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

course to which he is not in any way bound—may be full of gentleness, of a holy sweetness, and of real edification. (pp. 54, 55.)

This little paragraph is an excellent sample of the whole book.

Mr. Doyle's little volume of poems<sup>1</sup> has a special interest from the fact that its author is blind. He sings of the beauty of earth, and the loveliness of fair colours, and the brightness of the sky, and the sparkling laughter of waters which, in the ordinary course of things, he is destined to see nevermore. Though the verses in this volume were written in moments of sadness and depression, they are not, as the title of the book would seem to indicate, moody or sad. As poetry these poems do not, to be sure, come up to Longfellow; and we might find serious fault here and there with the versification. But that would be ungracious to our blind poet; and his modest Preface tells us he does not aim at seating himself on the very highest step of the muse's throne. There are many pretty and pathetic verses in the volume, and many beautiful thoughts expressed in easy flowing verse.

The Catholic Truth Society has collected into a handy and cheap volume Father Harper's *Manchester Dialogues*.<sup>2</sup> These are too well known to need more than a passing notice. The volume, we think, would be improved by a title-page and a table of contents.

The history of St. Stanislaus Kostka's brief career is too beautiful to need embellishment, and it could hardly be narrated more effectively than it is by Father Rouvier in the short compass of forty pages.<sup>3</sup> The main features of the religious vocation of the angelical youth and his life in the novitiate, are told with the utmost simplicity, but they are told with that peculiar grace of style and language which the French possess in an almost unequalled degree.

*Twelfth Tide*<sup>4</sup> is a quaint name for the Epiphany, and the book that bears this title is a translation from eight meditations on the Magi from the Italian of Father Ventura. We should

<sup>1</sup> *Moody Thoughts*. Poems by Edward Doyle. New York: Ketcham and Doyle.

<sup>2</sup> *Manchester Dialogues*. By Father Harper, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

<sup>3</sup> *St. Stanislaus Kostka*. Par le P. Fréd. Rouvier, S.J. Société Saint Augustin, Lille, 1888.

<sup>4</sup> *Twelfth Tide and its Octave*. In Eight Meditations on the Epiphany. Translated from the Italian of the Very Rev. Father Ventura by Alex. Wood, M.A. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd., 1889.

call them rather readings than meditations, and can recommend them as replete with suggestive thoughts and varied illustrations from the Old and New Testament.

Mrs. Montgomery's three handsome little volumes<sup>1</sup> are a continuous series linked together under one common idea. The *Divine Sequence* begins from the Hidden God and the various means by which He has revealed Himself to man. The *Eternal Years* suggests to our unquiet age lessons of peace and hope to comfort us in hours of darkness and sorrow. Its aim is to strengthen our faith and confidence in God and in His dealings with mankind. The *Divine Ideal* sets forth the Holy Mother of God in the place assigned her in the Divine Economy, and as the compassionate co-redemptrix of mankind. We hope that these thoughtful books may help Christians to realize the all-important truths that they enforce.

A new edition of Canon Allègre's little manual<sup>2</sup> is very welcome, and we venture to recommend it to priests on the mission who would like to have a neat and compendious treatise on matrimonial impediments in a handy form. The author is a French priest who has received his ecclesiastical education in the Roman Seminary, and is now a Canon of Loreto. The book is written with the view of helping, in the first instance, priests in France to be, as happily the French clergy now all but invariably are, thorough Romans in their doctrine and their Canon Law. If the work should reach another edition, the author would make a useful addition to it if he were to give (on page 56), a list of the countries to which the Declaration of Benedict the Fourteenth for Holland has been extended. A clandestine mixed marriage in Ireland, for instance, is declared by the Holy See to be valid, and our author surely should say so explicitly.

*The Medulla Pietatis Christianæ*<sup>3</sup> is a very handy collection of instructions, meditations, prayers and hymns, especially intended for students, but suitable for young men generally.

<sup>1</sup> *The Divine Sequence*, by the Hon. Mrs. A. Montgomery. *The Eternal Years*, by the Hon. Mrs. A. Montgomery. *The Divine Ideal*, by the Hon. Mrs. A. Montgomery. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd., 1889.

<sup>2</sup> *Impedimentorum Matrimonii Synopsis*. Auctore G. Allègre, Doctore in S. Theologia et in Jure Canonico, necnon S. Basilicæ Lauretanæ canonico. Nova editio. Parisiis, Roger et Chernoviz; Marianapoli (Canada), Cadiaux et Derome, 1889.

<sup>3</sup> *Medulla Pietatis Christianæ, sive Libellus Precum*. Auctore Jos. Schneider, S.J. Editio Quinta. Emendavit Aug. Lehmkuhl, S.J. Cologne: P. Bachem.

Priests, moreover, will find in it a varied collection of devotions well adapted for their daily use. It is wonderful how much matter is compressed into the little pocket volume. The name of author and editor will serve to recommend it still more to those who are acquainted with their other works.

We are glad to see that the clear, instructive, and practical sermons by the Rev. Patrick O'Keefe,<sup>1</sup> of the archdiocese of Cashel, have met with that favourable reception by the public which we anticipated when we noticed them in a former number of *THE MONTH*, and that they have reached a third edition. The sermons are excellent; consisting of short, pithy, and pregnant sentences, and containing a great deal of matter in a small space, and without confusion. We recommend them either as supplying excellent "Sunday reading" to the laity, or suggesting valuable matter for a practical discourse, on almost any subject that a priest may wish to impress upon his congregation, from the pulpit.

A young country has always a difficulty in finding leisure for philological and scholar-like pursuits; but American energy is striving with considerable success to excel in scholarship as well as in more material branches of knowledge. Already several scholars of European reputation have appeared in the States, and one of these, Professor Gildersleeve, does good service to his country by the *Journal of Philology* of which he is editor.<sup>2</sup> The number before us opens with an article by Robinson Ellis, but the greater number of the articles are by American scholars. Mr. Housman's emendations in the *Persæ* are a little speculative, but his article, like the rest of his Review, shows a careful study of his subject, and is thoughtful and suggestive. The Book Notices, and Reviews are excellent.

<sup>1</sup> *Sermons at Mass.* By the Rev. Patrick O'Keefe, C.C. Third Edition. Dublin M. H. Gill and Son, 1888.

<sup>2</sup> *The American Journal of Philology.* Edited by Basil L. Gildersleeve, Prof. of Greek in the Johns Hopkins University. New York and London: Macmillan.



## II.—MAGAZINES.

The January number of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* opens with an article by Father Lehmkuhl on the great social problem of the day, the point under discussion being whether each State individually must attempt its solution, or whether an international union is possible to protect the interests of the working classes. Unfortunately for the scheme of international action, religious differences and religious indifference increase the ever-widening gulf which the unequal distribution of wealth creates between the employer and the employed; Christian charity alone can bridge over this gulf, and the authority of the Catholic Church alone can cope with the selfishness and greed of modern paganism. In a paper entitled Darwinism in Chemistry, Father Dressel brings forward arguments against the theory that all atoms take their origin from the self-same elementary matter. The rapid strides made by astronomical science during the last ten to twenty years, forms the subject of an essay, in the first instalment of which the review of recent discoveries is confined to those immediately concerning our planet and her satellite. Father St. Beissel gives a short description of the art-treasures exhibited in Brussels, without which the universal exhibition of 1888 would in these days of exhibitions have possessed but little to attract, and Father Baumgartner contributes a biographical sketch of Count Leo Tolstoi, the third Russian novelist whose works rank among European classics. Much has been written of late respecting the career of Joan of Arc; attention is now drawn in the pages of the *Stimmen* to an important point, namely, whether she was mistaken in not believing her mission to be ended after the deliverance of Orleans was accomplished.

Protestant polemics again form the topic of an article in the *Katholik*. Can it be possible, the writer asks, while recounting some of the outrageous accusations brought against the Church, that these things are said in good faith? It does in fact appear almost incredible that educated persons can be so blinded by prejudice as to make and receive statements so extraordinary. Father Zimmermann, S.J., contributes a lengthy

paper on the Irish Martyrs who suffered for the faith under the penal laws from 1603 to 1658. A biographical sketch is given of J. B. Muard, a saintly and self-sacrificing Apostle who was raised up for the revival of religion in France when in the commencement of the present century it was at its lowest ebb. The causes for exultation and for lamentation which the loyal children of the Church find in the events marking the course of the Jubilee year, are briefly noted. The completion of the thirtieth year of its existence under its present form leads the *Katholik* to speak of the primary object for which it was started, viz., to defend the faith from the fresh attacks to which the Protestant demonstration of 1817 gave rise. The *Katholik* has ever shown itself, in good and in evil times, a staunch champion of Catholic truth and the rights of the Holy See; questions also of philosophical, historical and ecclesiastical interest are discussed in its pages by writers of ability and learning.

The opening of 1889, also marks a new epoch in the history of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which enters upon its fortieth year, no inconsiderable period of existence. Whilst chronicling the events of the day, and recording everything new of importance in the world of literature, science, and art, the *Civiltà*, as its principal aim, fights the battle of the Church, and constantly invites the Catholics of Italy to rally round the Chair of Peter. The essay in confutation of the statement that the ecstasies of the saints may be attributed to natural agency is continued (No. 925), likewise the disquisition respecting the invasion of Egypt by the *Hyksos* or Shepherd Kings. The signification and derivation of this name is fully explained, as well as the reason why, as Scripture tells us, shepherds were had in abomination by the Egyptians. The tale revealing the principles and practices, the history and aims of Freemasonry, which has run through so many numbers of the *Civiltà*, was concluded in the last issue of the past year. It is now published separately, and offers to the reader a vast amount of reliable information, with pleasing descriptions of scenes and countries, for the moderate sum of four *lire*. A new serial commences this year, entitled "Religion and Country," it is an historical romance and promises to be highly interesting. In an article on the principles of the French Revolution (926), the influence of Voltaire and the Freemasons is pointed out as the cause which brought about the terrible events of 1789, and the dire consequences resulting from

them. These consequences are unfortunately not confined to France, the poison of revolution has been infused into Italian veins, and the jacobins and demagogues of Italy raise the cry *Viva l' 89!* regardless of the hostility shown by the Government to all that is French. The text of the Papal Encyclical *Exeunte iam anno*, addressed to the faithful at the close of the year is given, and in the *cronaca contemporanea* a full account of the solemn *Te Deum* in St. Peter's will be found. The archæological notes contain some interesting information respecting the reasons for the observance of Wednesdays and Fridays as fasting days, and some customs of the Early Church in regard to the Holy Sacrifice.

The December and January numbers of the *Études* are more interesting than ever. In December, Father Desjardins explains in what the right termed *régale* under the *ancien régime* consisted, viz., the power of the Crown to administer at pleasure the temporalities of a vacant see. In virtue of this obsolete privilege, the Republican Government now claims the right of appropriating all the episcopal property and revenues on the demise or removal of a Bishop. The origin of the right of *régale* is in a second article evolved from the obscurity of French ecclesiastical history. The essay on alcohol, the first instalment of which has already been noticed in THE MONTH, treats at some length on the fatal effects produced by habitual indulgence in strong drink on the mental powers, the moral nature, and the physical frame. Father Brucker defends the truth of Biblical history against the aspersions thrown on it by Renan, and defines the limits of divine inspiration. Father de Bonniot is at the pains to prove that the new and much lauded translation of Plato by M. Cousin is merely a re-cast with slight alterations—and those not very happy ones—of a former version, the work of P. Grou. Father Delaporte bewails the anti-Christian spirit of French writers, their irreverent and even blasphemous treatment of holy things being a sad blot on contemporary literature. This is especially the case with the novelists of to-day, who, as Father Cornut remarks (we have now passed to the January number), generally introduce a priest into their works, and always exhibit him in a more or less odious or grotesque light. Conspicuous amongst these is M. Fabre, the ex-seminarist, round whose gallery of clerical portraits the reader is invited to walk. The centenary of 1789 forms the topic of an able article in the *Études*, in which the writer shows how the fermentation and

gradual disorganization of society culminated in the final rupture with authority and Christianity, and that the notorious year 1789 is one to which the Catholic and Conservative must look back with feelings of unmixed shame and sorrow. It remains for us to mention a most interesting account of a visit to the pearl-fishery district on the Coromandel coast, the scene of St. Francis Xavier's labours in 1542. The faith he implanted there, it is said, has been ever since preserved intact by the natives, who form a people apart, not a single heathen, protestant, or mussulman; existing amongst them.

We rejoice to hear that the number of subscribers to the *Études* has surpassed the most sanguine hopes of their promoters. Well, indeed, do they deserve their success, and we hope and pray that it may continue to go on steadily increasing.

